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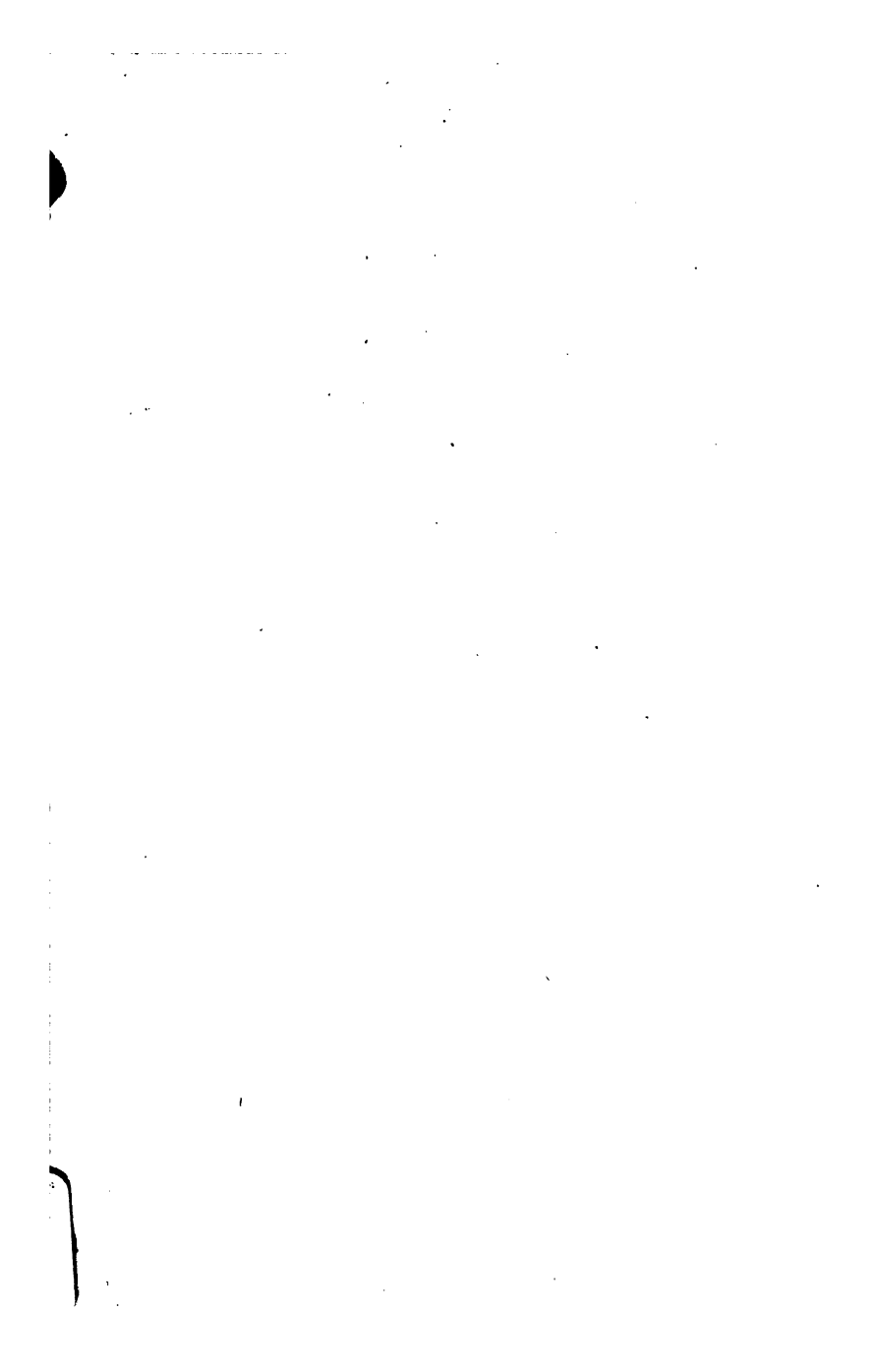
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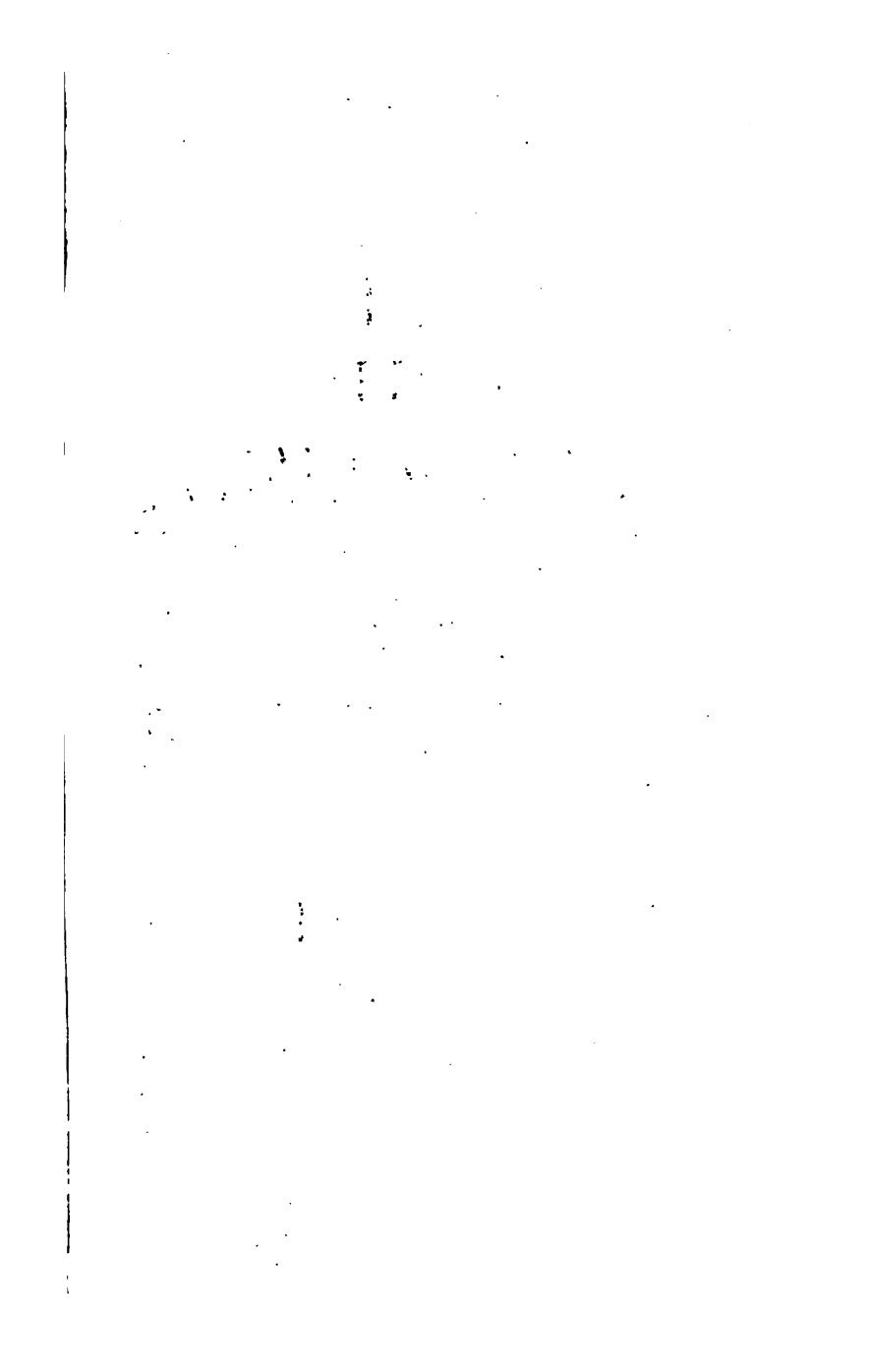


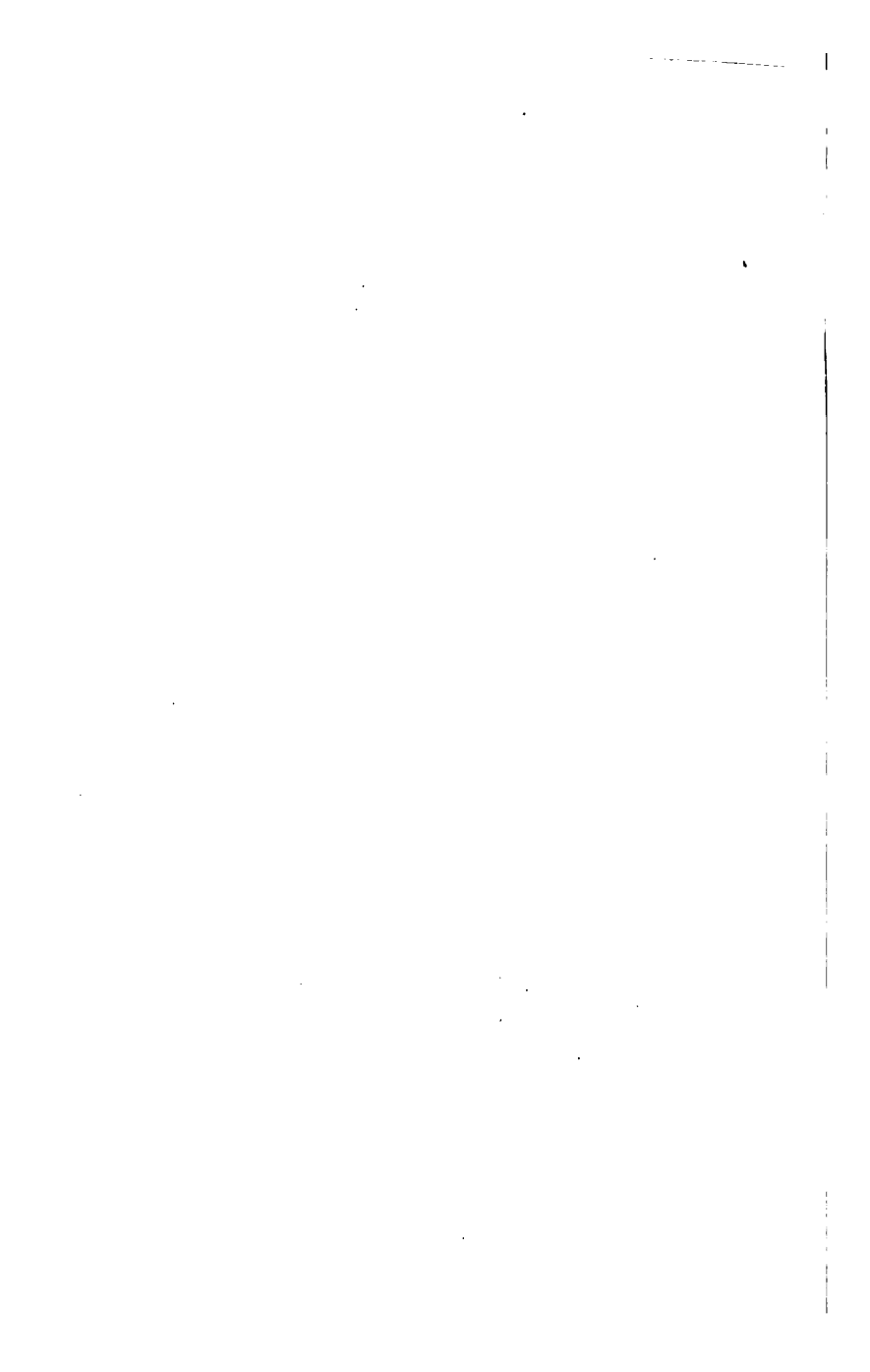
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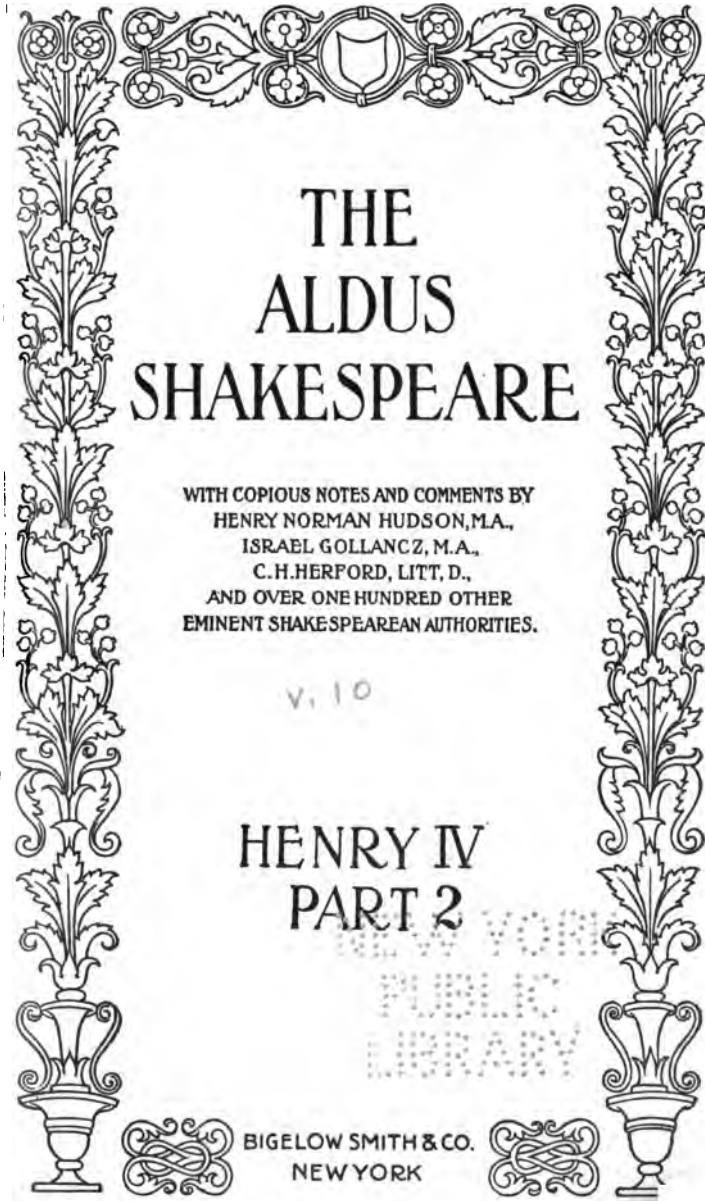
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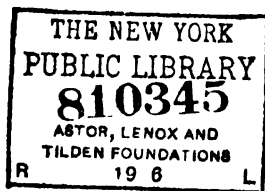


THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
C. H. HERFORD, LITT. D.,
AND OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES.

v. 10
HENRY IV
PART 2

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**PART TWO OF
KING HENRY IV**

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

In our Introduction to *The First Part of Henry IV* authority was produced, such as to put it well nigh beyond question, that the original name of Falstaff was Oldcastle. It was seen, also, that if such were the case, the change must have been made before February 25, 1598, at which time the play was entered in the Stationers' Register, and "the conceited mirth of Sir John *Falstaff*" mentioned in the entry. That *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was also written before that date, appears highly probable, to say the least, in that the quarto edition retains *Old.* as prefix to a speech in Act I, sc. ii, which unquestionably belongs to Falstaff. And the same thing might be further argued from Falstaff's being spoken of, in Act III, sc. ii, as having been "page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;" which was true of Sir John *Oldcastle*, and has been justly adduced by Mr. Halliwell as evidence that Falstaff originally bore that name. Nothing more has been discovered from which to infer the probable date of the writing.

The play was published in 1600, in a quarto pamphlet of forty-three leaves, the title-page reading as follows: "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the Fifth: With the humours of Sir John Falstaff, and swaggering Pistol. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." The play is not known to have been published again till in the folio of

1623. These two editions differ greatly, several of the best parts having first appeared in the folio, and on the other hand a few passages of inferior quality being found only in the quarto. And there are many smaller differences of text, too numerous to mention, and of such a nature as to infer that the folio must have been printed from an independent manuscript, and that the play had been carefully revised by the author, and perhaps rewritten, after the first issue. And it is quite remarkable that in some copies of the quarto the whole first scene of the third act is wanting; from which we may gather that the edition was brought out hastily, and that the oversight was detected while it was in press, and corrected after a part of it had gone beyond the publisher's hand. All which of course goes to enhance the authority of the folio in comparison of the quarto. Accordingly, in this, as in all good modern editions, the text of the folio is followed in the main, with the addition of such passages from the quarto as had been omitted, and with the exception of one set of changes which, there is the best reason to believe, proceeded from the strictness of the law, not from the judgment of the Poet. We refer to such expressions as "'zounds," "'sblood," "by my faith," "by the mass," and sundry others, which, in compliance with a statute made in the third year of James I, were used to be trimmed away or softened down by the Master of the Revels, as savoring of profanity. And in respect of the passages restored from the quarto, even granting them to have been thrown out by the author himself, yet a modern edition ought by all means to retain them, both as illustrating the history of the Poet's mind, and because no right-minded reader would be content to lack any thing known to have come from Shakespeare's pen.

Various particulars, and among them all the historical matter, pertaining to the Second Part, were given in our Introduction to the preceding play. Every one, upon reading the two dramas, must be sensible of a falling-off in the latter; for, besides the disappearance of Hotspur and

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Glendower, whose presence shed into the First Part a vast addition of life and glory,—besides the lack of these, Prince Henry and Falstaff, though still themselves, are not presented in so great opulence of transpiration; the plot itself not yielding any such opportunities either for humor or for heroism as were furnished by the battle of Shrewsbury. As Sir John and the prince are the very summit of Shakespeare's art and excellence in comic representation, what was wanting in them could nowise be made good by the coming in of such characters as Shallow and Silence, rich and rare as are the treasures presented in the latter. It is true, something of compensation is given in the nobleness of mind, the wisdom and intrepidity of the Chief Justice and the Archbishop; but it was not for them, nor for thousands like them, to replace the unspeakable delectations which we miss. And indeed the defects in question were of a kind not to be squared up by any thing else that ever entered into the wit of man to conceive.

From what hath been said of Bolingbroke it is plain enough what order and state of things would be likely to spring up around him. His prodigious force of character must needs give shape and tone to the manners and sentiments of the court and the council-board; while at the same time his being is so compact of subtlety and intricacy as might well render the place any thing but congenial and inviting to a young man of free and generous aptitudes. One can easily conceive that Prince Henry, as we have described him, would breathe somewhat hard in such an atmosphere, though he might not know why: however much he might respect such a father, and even if in thought he approved the public counsels, still he would reluct to mingle in them, as going against his grain; and so would naturally be drawn away either to such occupations where his high-strung energies could act without crossing his honorable feelings, or else to some tumultuous merrymakings where, laying off all distinct purpose, and untying his mind into perfect dishabille, he could let his bounding spirits run out in transports of frolic and fun. The qu

tion, then, is, to what kind of attractions would he be likely to betake himself? It must be no ordinary companionship that could yield entertainment to such a spirit, even in his loosest moments: whatsoever bad or questionable elements there might be in the composition of his mirth, it must have some fresh and rich ingredients, some sparkling and generous flavor, to make him relish it.

Here, then, we have a sort of dramatic necessity for the "unimitated, inimitable Falstaff," whose character stamps itself as thoroughly on the proceedings at Eastcheap as the king's does on those at the palace. Whatsoever may have been the facts in the case, there was strong artistic reason why he should be just such a marvelous congregation of charms and vices as he is: none but an old man could be at once so dissolute and so discerning, or appear to think so much like a wise man, even when talking most unwisely; and he must have a world of wit and sense, to reconcile a mind of such native rectitude and penetration to his riotous and profligate courses. In the qualities of Sir John we can easily see how the prince might be the madcap reveler that history gives him out, and yet be all the while secretly laying in choice preparations of wisdom and virtue, thus needing no other conversion than the calls of duty and the opportunities of noble enterprise.

Falstaff is a very impracticable subject for criticism to deal with; his character being more complex and manifold than can well be digested into the forms of logical statement. He has more, or is more, than that one can easily tell what he is. Diverse and even opposite are the qualities that meet in him, yet their opposition only enriches, not distracts, their working; and so perfect, withal, is their fusion, so happily are they blended, so evenly balanced, and they move together so smoothly and in such mutual good will, that no generalities can be made to set him off: if we undertake to grasp him in a formal conclusion, the best part still escapes between the fingers; so that the only way to give any idea of him is to take the man himself along and show him. One of the wittiest of men, yet

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he is not a wit; one of the most sensual of men, still he cannot with strict justice be called a sensualist; he has a quick, strong sense of danger, and a lively regard to his own safety, a peculiar vein indeed of cowardice, or of something very like it, yet he is not a coward; he lies and brags prodigiously, still he is not a liar nor a braggart. No such general terms, applied to him, can do otherwise than mislead, causing us to think we understand him when we do not.

If we were to fix upon any thing as especially characteristic of Falstaff, we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His vast stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted or impressed into the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Moreover, his thinking has such agility and quickness, and at the same time is so apt and pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such sort as we cannot but feel the presence of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it never so good, to be keenly relished must be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires. But no one can ever weary of Falstaff's talk, who understands it; his speech being like pure, fresh cold water, which always tastes good, because it is—tasteless. The wit of other men seems to be some special faculty or mode of thought, and lies in a quick seizing of remote and fanciful affinities; whereas in Falstaff it lies not in any one thing more than another, for which cause it cannot be defined; being indeed none other than that roundness and evenness of mind which we call good sense, so quickened and pointed as to produce the effect of wit, yet without hindrance to its own proper effect.

Inexhaustible and available, however, as is his stock of good sense, he is himself fully aware of it, and rests in the calm assurance that it will never fail him; and, though vastly proud thereof, his pride never shows itself in an offensive shape; it being the sure effect of good sense to keep off all such unhandsome exhibitions. This proud

consciousness of his resources it is, no doubt, that keeps him so perpetually at his ease; and hence, in part, the ineffable charm of his conversation. Never at a loss, and never apprehensive that he shall be at a loss, he therefore never exerts himself, nor concerns himself for the result; so that nothing is strained, or studied, or far-fetched: firmly relying on his strength, he still invites the toughest trials, as knowing that his powers will bring him off without any using of the whip or the spur, and by merely giving the rein to their natural briskness and celerity. Hence it is, also, that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into the tightest places and narrowest predicaments, as fit opportunities of exercising and evincing his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; being quite assured that he shall still come off uncornered and uncaught, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his triumph. And in all these cases, no sooner do the others pounce upon him, and seem to have him in their toils, than he most adroitly springs a diversion upon their thoughts, and fills them with other things. Such are his sallies and escapes when cornered up about the men in buckram, the picking of his pocket, and his threatening to cudgel the prince. And thus, throughout, no exigency turns up but that he is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place; and he always lets on and shuts off the jest precisely when and how it will produce the best effect.

At other times this faculty shows itself in a quick spying and using of advantages. Which is best instanced at the battle of Shrewsbury, when, being set upon by Douglas, he falls down as if he were dead, and in that condition witnesses the death of Hotspur. The question is, how to derive upon himself the honor and profit of the killing of Percy, without hazarding a conflict with Prince Henry's claim. And in the stratagem which he employs to this end, his action as exactly fits into and fills the place, as his words do in other cases. When the prince says, "Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and *saw thee dead*," how

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quickly and how shrewdly he gives that simple mistake such a turn as to accredit all his own lies! the prince being instantaneously made a witness against himself.

Besides this proud consciousness of his intellectual sufficiency, he has a further ground of exultant pride, in that the tranquil, easy contact and grapple of his mind acts, and he knows it acts, as a potent stimulus on others, provided they be capable of it, working and lifting them up towards the greatness that is in himself. This it is, that, in the absence of any appeals to his heroic qualities, draws Prince Henry into his company, who manifestly resorts to him chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation and presence. Here is the conquest upon which Sir John most prides himself; nor does he decline any effort, or scruple any knavery, whereby he may work diversion for the prince, as is clear from what he says to himself about Justice Shallow, when he has him tempering between his finger and his thumb. Nor has he any difficulty in stirring up congenial motions in Prince Henry's mind; insomuch that the prince almost grows to equal him in his own peculiar line, and puts him to his best efforts to keep his leading. Falstaff is the same when Prince Henry is away, and indeed his wit goes bounding and dancing on in all its richness in his soliloquies. But it is not so with the prince, as appears in his occasional playing with other characters, where he is indeed sprightly, voluble, and sensible enough, but wants the strength, nimbleness, and raciness of wit, which he shows in conversation with Sir John. The cause of which plainly is, that Falstaff has his power in himself; the prince, in virtue of Falstaff's presence: with Sir John, he is nearly as great as he in the same kind; without him, he has none of his greatness, though he has a greatness of his own which is far better, and which Falstaff is so far from having in himself, that he cannot even discern it in another. Accordingly, it is remarkable that the prince is the only person in the play who understands Falstaff, and whom Falstaff does not understand.

One of Sir John's greatest triumphs is in the scene r

the Chief Justice; the purpose of which seemingly is to justify the prince in giving in to his fascinations, by showing that there was no gravity so firm and steady but he could thaw it into mirth, if it were united to a fertile and genial mind. On no other occasion does Falstaff let off so much cool, imperturbable effrontery; yet in all his impudence there is a sly infusion of something, an indescribable witchery, whereby the judge is surprised into a tilt of wit, in spite of himself, and before he knows it. He even seems to draw out the interview, that he may have time to taste the delectable spicery of Falstaff's speech; and we cannot but fancy him laughing repeatedly in his sleeve while they are talking, and roaring himself into stitches as soon as he gets out of sight. Nor, unless our inward parts be sadly out of gear, can we help loving and honoring him the more for being drawn into such an intellectual frolic by such an intellectual player.

Coleridge has taken upon him to deny that Falstaff has, properly speaking, any humor. A formidable weight of judgment, certainly, to cope withal; nevertheless, it may as well be owned that we cannot so come at Sir John but that his whole intellectual structure and furnishing seem pervaded with a most grateful and softening moisture; nor should we well know how to understand any definition of humor, that would exclude him from being the greatest of all both verbal and practical humorists. Just think of his proposing Bardolph,—an offscouring and package of dregs, which he has picked up, nobody can guess wherefore, unless because his face has turned into a perpetual blush and carbuncle,—just think of his proposing such a person for security, and that, too, to one who knows them both! Nor is it clear whether there be more of humor in his offering such an indorser, or in what he says about the rejection of his offer. And in his most exigent moments this juice is continually playing in with a strangely-exhilarating effect, as in the exploit at Gadshill, and the battle of Shrewsbury. And every where he manifestly takes a huge pleasure in referring to his own pecu-

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liarities, and putting upon them the most grotesque and droll and whimsical constructions; no one enjoying the jests that are vented on him more than he does himself.

Falstaff's overflowing humor results in an easy, placid good-nature towards those about him, and attaches them by the mere remembrance of pleasure in his company. The tone of feeling he inspires is well shown in what the hostess says when he leaves her for the wars: "Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well;" where she plainly wants to say some good of him, which she cannot quite say, it is so glaringly untrue: the only instance, by the way, of her being checked by any scruples on that score. This feeling of the hostess is especially significant in view of what has passed between them, and of his outpourings of abuse upon her. She cannot be, at least she cannot keep, angry with him, because in his roughest speeches there is something tells her it is all a mere carousal of his wits; and when she is most at odds with him, a soothing word at once sweetens her thoughts; so that, instead of troubling him any further about the money he owes her, she cheerfully pawns her plate to lend him ten pounds more. And so in case of his other associates; though he often abuses them outrageously, so far as this can be done by words, insomuch that the language seems to strain its sinews beneath the load of his impudence, and they are aghast at his speech, yet they are not really hurt by it, and never think of resenting it. Perhaps, indeed, they do not respect him enough to feel resentment towards him. But, in truth, his juiciness of spirit not only keeps malice out of him, but keeps others from supposing it in him. And it is considerable that he lets off as great tempests of abuse on himself, and means just as much by them: they are but exercises of his powers, and that, too, merely for the exercise itself; that is, they are play; having, indeed, a kind of earnestness, but it is the earnestness of sport. Hence, whether alone or in company, he not only has all his faculties about him, but takes

the same pleasure in exerting them, if it may be called exertion. It is quite observable that he soliloquizes more than any of the Poet's characters except Hamlet; thought being equally an ever-springing impulse in them both, though indeed in very different forms.

Upon the whole, therefore, Falstaff may be justly set down as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his powers of understanding, his sterling inexhaustible good sense, were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare. In all which who does not perceive the exquisite fitness of his character to the dramatic exigency for which he was created? In his solid clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, and his infinite humor, what were else dark in the life of the prince is made plain, and we cannot fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad, yet in virtue of something within him that still prefers him in our esteem. With less of wit, sense, and spirit, Sir John could have got no hold on the prince; and if to these attractive qualities he had not joined others of a very odious and repulsive kind, he would have held him too fast. So that we may almost say the Poet has here but embodied in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms had been lost.

In respect of Falstaff's alleged cowardice, Mackenzie has hit him off so aptly, that his words must needs be quoted: "Though," says he, "I will not go so far as to ascribe valor to Falstaff, yet his cowardice, if fairly examined, will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." In confirmation of which, be it observed, that amidst the perilous exigencies of the fight Sir John's matchless brain is never a whit palsied by fear; and no sooner does he fall down to save his life, than all his wits are at work to turn his fall into a means of rising

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to honor. It is true, his courage never forgets or oversteps the lines of prudence; nor on the other hand does he ever fail to make the best—or shall we say the worst?—of his situation; whereas it seems rather of the nature of cowardice, that pressing danger disconcerts and flusters it into imprudence. In short, his cowardice, if the word must still be used concerning him, certainly is not such as either to keep him out of danger, or to lose him the use of his powers in it: whether surrounded with pleasures or perils, his sagacity never in the least forsakes him; and his unabated purlings of humor when death is busy all about him, and even when others are taunting him with cowardice, seem hardly reconcilable with the character generally set upon him in this respect; for real cowards are apt to be angry braggarts whenever their bravery is called in question. As there is no touch of poetry in Falstaff, of course he is nothing in the matter of honor but the sign; and he has more good sense than to set such a value on this as to hazard that for which alone it is desirable: to have his name seasoned sweet in the world's regard he does not look upon as signifying any real worth in himself, and so furnishing just ground of self-respect, but only as it may yield him the pleasures and commodities of life; whereas the very soul of honor is, that it will sooner part with life than forfeit this ground of self-respect.

It can be no paradox to say that, hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is about the last man we should wish to resemble. And this our repugnance, not to him, but to being like him, is not so much because he crosses or offends the moral feelings, as because he hardly touches them at all, one way or the other. The character seems to lie mainly out of their sphere, and they agree to be silent towards him as having practically disrobed himself of moral attributes. Now, however bad we may be, these are probably the last elements of our being that we would consent to part with; nor perhaps is there any thing that our nature so vitally shrinks away from, as to have men's moral feel-

ings sleep concerning us. Doubtless the best of us would rather be hated by men, than be such as they should not respect enough to hate.

This abeyance of the moral feelings towards Sir John is in great part owing, no doubt, to the fact that the character impresses us throughout as that of a player, and such a player, withal, whose good sense keeps every thing stagy and theatrical out of his playing. The question with him always is, not whether a thing be right or true, but what effect it will produce of mental entertainment: he lives but to furnish for himself and others intellectual wine, and his art lies in turning every thing about him into this. When he vows repentance and amendment of life, it is not that he meditates them, nor that he wishes to disrepute them, but merely that he may use them to this end. His immoralities are mostly such wherein the ludicrous element is prominent, and in this he loses and makes us lose sight of their other qualities. The animal susceptibilities of our nature are in him carried up to their highest pitch, and his several appetites hug their respective objects with exquisite gust. Moreover, his speech borrows additional flavor and effect from the thick foldings of flesh which it oozes through; therefore he glories in his much flesh, and cherishes it as being the procreant cradle of jests: if his body be fat, it enables his tongue to drop fatness; and in the chambers of his brain all the pleasurable agitations that pervade the structure below are curiously wrought into mental delectation. With how keen and inexhaustible a relish does he pour down sack, as if he tasted it all over and through his body to the ends of his fingers and toes! yet who does not see that he has far more pleasure in discoursing about it than in drinking it? And so it is through all the particulars of his enormous sensuality. And he makes the same use of his vices and infirmities; nay, he often exaggerates and caricatures those he has, and sometimes affects those he has not, that he may suck the same profit out of them.

Thus, throughout, Falstaff scarce strikes us otherwise

than as acting a part extempore, so that our conscience of right and wrong has as little to do with the man himself as with a good representation of him on the stage: the only thought, as with him, so also with us concerning him, being the quality of his art, wherein, to be sure, he is never at fault. And his art, if it be not original and innate, has become second nature: if the actor were not born with him, it has grown to him and become a part of him, so that he cannot lay it off; and if he have nobody else to entertain, he must needs keep playing for the entertainment of himself. And the marvel is, that in his constant prodigality of mental exhilaration he should cause all moral considerations to be waived; that as with him every thing is for art, nothing either for or against virtue, so he enchants us to such a pitch with the one, that for the time we neither abjure nor welcome, but simply forget, the other. But because we do not think of applying moral tests to him, therefore, however we may surrender to his fascinations, we never feel any respect for him. And it is very considerable that he has no self-respect. The reason of which is close at hand; for it scarce need be said that respect is a sentiment of which, in the nature of things, mere players, as such, are not legitimate objects; and as Falstaff is no less a player to himself than to others, so he of course respects himself as little as others respect him. And herein or hereabout consists the high moral scope and effect of this representation.

It must not be supposed, however, that because Falstaff touches the moral feelings so little one way or the other, therefore his company and conversation were altogether harmless to those who actually shared them. It is not, cannot be so, nor has the Poet so represented it. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," whether known and felt to be evil or not. We often hear it said, indeed, that "to the pure all things are pure;" which, no doubt, is very true: but then who is pure? or who but the impurest wretch on earth will claim to be pure? and so long as we are at all impure, we shall need to watch and ward

selves well, lest we become more so. And Falstaff's ripe understanding will teach us, "it is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another." In the intercourse of men there are always certain secret, mysterious, sacramental influences at work: the presence of others affects us without our knowing it, and by methods and processes past our finding out; and it is always a sacrament of harm to be in the society of those whom we do not respect.

The character of Sir John keeps on developing and growing rather worse to the end of the play; and there are some positive indications of a hard bad heart in him. This is especially true in his doings and avowed designs touching Shallow. And here we come upon the delicate thread whereby that sapient justice is linked in with what we have elsewhere stated to be the central, unifying, and organic law of the drama. In the matter about Shallow we are let into those worst traits of Falstaff, such as his unscrupulous and unrelenting selfishness, which had else escaped our dull perceptions, but which through all the disguises of art have betrayed themselves to the searching and apprehensive discernment of the prince. Thus Shallow serves as a fit ground to reflect those darker shades of Sir John's character, which are not visible to us in Prince Henry's presence, though they are not so dispersed by his coming but that he takes a secret impression of them. So that the effect, as it was doubtless meant to be, is to shield the prince from misconstruction or unhandsome suspicion in the treatment which Falstaff finally gets at his hand. And something of the kind was needful, in order to bring his character off from such an act altogether bright and sweet in our regard.

We cannot leave Sir John without remarking how he is a sort of public brain from which shoot forth nerves of communication through all the limbs and members of the commonwealth. The most broadly representative, perhaps, of all ideal characters, his conversations are as diversified as his capabilities; so that through him the vision is let

forth into a long-drawn yet clear perspective of old English life and manners. What a circle of vices and obscurities and nobilities are sucked into his train! how various in size and quality the orbs that revolve around him and shine by his light! Verily he is a most multitudinous man, a thorough epitome of ancient John Bull; and can spin fun enough out of his marvelous brain to make all the world "laugh and grow fat."

We have already had several glimpses of Mrs. Quickly, the heroine of Eastcheap. She is well worth a steady and attentive looking at. One of the most characteristic passages in the play is her account of Falstaff's debt to her; which has been aptly commented on by Coleridge as showing how her mind runs altogether in the rut of actual events; that she can think and speak of things only in the precise order of their occurrence; having no power to select such as are suited to her purpose, and detach them from the circumstantial impertinences with which they stand associated in her memory.

In strict keeping with this peculiarity of mind, her character throughout savors strongly of her whereabouts in life, and is curiously elemented from her circumstances: she is plentifully trimmed up with vices and vulgarities, and they all taste rankly of her place and calling, thus showing that she has much of moral as of intellectual passiveness. Notwithstanding, somehow she always has an odor of womanhood about her: even her worst features are such as none but a woman could have; or at least they are greatly mitigated in her case by their marriage with a woman's nature. Nor is her character, with all its ludicrous and censurable qualities, unrelieved, as we have seen, with touches of generosity that relish equally of her sex, though not so much of her situation. It is even questionable whether she would have entertained Sir John's proposals so favorably, but that when he made them he was in a condition to need her kindness; and when her "exion is enter'd" against him, she seems to move quite as much from affection for him as from desire of the money. And who but a woman

could speak such words of fluttering eagerness as she speaks in urging on his arrest: "Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices;" where her very reluctance to act prompts her to the greater despatch, and her heart seems palpitating with anxious hope that what she is doing will make another opportunity for her kind ministrations. Sometimes, indeed, she gets wrought up to a pretty high pitch of temper, but she cannot hold herself there; and between her turns of anger and her returns to the opposite, there is room for more of womanly feeling than we shall venture to describe. And there is still more of the woman in the cunning simplicity—or is it simpleness?—with which she manages to keep her good opinion of Sir John; as when, upon being told that at his death "he cried out of women, and said they were devils incarnate," she replies,— "A' never could abide carnation; 'twas a color he never lik'd;" as if she could nowise understand his words but in such a sense as would stand smooth with her interest and her affection.

It is curious to observe how Mrs. Quickly dwells on the confines of virtue and shame, and sometimes plays over the borders, ever clinging to the reputation and perhaps to the consciousness of the one, without foreclosing the invitations to the other. Nor may we dismiss her without remarking how in her worst doings she apparently hides from herself their ill favor under a fair name; as people often paint the cheeks of their vices, and then look them sweetly in the face, though they cannot but know the paint is all that keeps them from being unsightly and loathsome. In her case, however, this may spring in part from a simplicity not unlike that which sometimes makes children shut their eyes at what affrights them, and then think themselves safe.—Upon the whole, Mrs. Quickly must be set down as one of the wicked; the Poet evidently meant her so: and in mixing so much of good with the general preponderance of bad in her character, he has shown a rare spirit of

KING HENRY IV

Introduction

wisdom, such as may well remind us that "both good men and bad men are apt to be less so than they seem."

Such is one department of life, to which the Poet has conducted us by a pathway leading from Falstaff. But there is an avenue opening out from Sir John into another and still richer vein of character. Aside from the humor of the characters themselves, there is great humor of art in the very bringing together of Falstaff and Shallow. Whose risibilities are not stirred up from the bottom, as he studies the contrast between the piercing sagacity of the one and the stupid vanity of the other? Shallow is vastly proud of his acquaintance with Sir John: Sir John understands this perfectly; and it seems doubtful whether he be drawn to the deep Shallow more for the pleasure he has in making a butt of him, or for the prospect of currying himself a road to his purse and "making him a philosopher's two stones."

One of the most irresistible spots in Justice Shallow is the exulting self-complacency with which he remembers his youthful essays towards profligacy: wherein, though without ever suspecting it, he was the sport and by-word of his companions; he having shown in them the same boobyish, pulpy-brained ambition as he now shows in talking about them. His reminiscences on this score are in the last degree diverting; partly, perhaps, as reminding us of a perpetual sort of people, some of whom scarce any one able to read can have failed to meet with. Another choice spot in Shallow is a huge love or habit of talking on when he can think of nothing to say, as though his tongue were hugging and kissing his words; as when he refuses to excuse Sir John from staying with him over night. And his eloquence rises still higher, he lingers upon his words with a still keener relish, in the garden after supper. This ardent and enthusiastic caressing of his own phrases springs not merely from sterility of thought, but partly also from that vivid self-appreciation which causes him to dwell with such rapture on the spirited sallies of his youth.

One more point about fetches the compass of his mind, he being in fact considerable mainly for his loquacious thinness. It is well exemplified in his fine appreciation of Sir John's witticism on Mouldy, the name of one of the recruits he is taking up. The rare critical powers which Shallow here brings into exercise would doubtless warrant the recommending of him as a model in criticism, but that his train of imitators is already so large.

With such a theme at hand, it is little to be wondered at that Sir John's wit should grow gigantic. But that in doing so it should still keep up to the full its frolicsome agility, is something remarkable. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the subject to himself is indeed sublime. Yet in some of his reflections on Shallow and his men we have a clear though brief view of the profound philosopher that every where underlies the profigate humorist and make-sport; for he there shows a breadth and sharpness of observation, and a depth of practical sagacity, such as might have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and sages.

One would suppose the force of feebleness could go no further than it does in Justice Shallow; yet it is carried several degrees higher in his cousin, Justice Silence. The habitual tautology of the one has its counterpart in the no less habitual taciturnity of the other. And Shallow's peculiarity herein may have grown partly from talking to his cousin, and getting no answers; for Silence has scarce energy enough to make answers, and when he does so, the answer is generally but an echo of the question. So that his immovable taciturnity is but the proper outside of his essential vacuity, and springs from sheer dearth of soul. The only faculty he seems to have is memory, and he has not life enough of his own to set even this in motion;—nothing but excess of wine can make it stir: so that it seems fairly questionable whether wine sets him a-thinking, or he sets wine a-thinking. He is indeed a stupendous platitude of a man; his character being poetical by a sort of inversion, as extreme ugliness sometimes has the effect of beauty,

KING HENRY IV

Introduction

and fascinates the eye. And yet he has a son at Oxford, and a daughter just blossoming into womanhood, which strangely links him with our household sympathies.

Shakespeare's fondness of weaving poetical conceptions round the leanest subjects is finely shown in the continual pouring forth of snatches from old ballads by Silence, when his native sterility of brain is overcome by the working of sack on his memory. How delicately-comical the volubility with which he trundles off the fag-ends of popular ditties, when in "the sweet of the night" his heart has grown rich with the exhilaration of wine! Who can ever forget the exquisite humor of the contrast between Silence dry and Silence drunk? As nothing but wine can put his tongue astir, so his tongue cannot choose but keep on till the force of the wine is spent: so long as the effect of this is on him, not even the tempestuous abuse of Pistol can stop him.

The conduct of Silence on this occasion lets us far into the style and spirit of old English mirth. We see that he must have passed his life in an atmosphere of song; for it was only by dint of long custom and endless repetition that so passive a memory as his could be stored with such matter. And the snatches he sings are fragments of old minstrelsy "that had long been heard in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney corner," where friends and neighbors were wont to "sing aloud old songs, the precious music of the heart."

It were hardly just either to Shallow and Silence or to the Poet, to dismiss them without referring to their piece of dialogue about old Double: where, with all that is odd and grotesque, in itself and its circumstances, there is a strange mixture of something that draws and knits in with the sanctities of our being, and "feelingly persuades us what we are." As with the "smooth-lipped shell" of which Wordsworth speaks so beautifully, so with this poor shell of humanity; when we apply our ear to it, and listen intently, "from within are heard murmurings, whereby the monitor expresses mysterious union with its native sea."

It is considerable that this bit of dialogue occurs at our first meeting with the speakers; as if the Poet meant it on purpose to set and gauge our feelings aright towards them; to forestall and prevent an over-much rising of contempt for them, which is probably about the worst feeling we can cherish. At all events, such is nature; and so jealous was our divine Shakespeare of nature's rights.—After hovering awhile among these scenes, we are almost tempted to retract what was said above touching the falling off in the Second Part.

Among the other characters of this play there is much judicious discrimination. Lord Bardolph is shrewd and sensible, of a firm practical understanding, and prudent forecast, and none the less brave, that his cool reflection begets a temperance, and puts him upon looking carefully before he leaps. And the Archbishop, so forthright and strong-thoughted, bold, enterprising, and resolute in action, in speech grave, moral, and sententious, forms, all together, a noble portrait. Northumberland makes good his previous character: evermore talking big and doing nothing; full of verbal tempest and practical indecision; and still ruining his friends, and at last himself, between "I would" and "I dare not," he lives without our respect and dies unpitied of us; while his daughter-in-law's remembrance of her noble husband kindles a sharp resentment of his mean-spirited backwardness, and a hearty scorn of his blustering verbiage.

The drama of *King Henry IV*, taking the two parts as artistically one, is deservedly ranked among the very highest of Shakespeare's achievements. The characterization, whether for quantity, or quality, or variety, or, again, whether regarded in the individual development or in the dramatic combination, is above all praise. And yet, large and free as is the scope here given to invention, the parts are all strictly subordinated to the idea of the whole as an historical drama; insomuch that even Falstaff, richly ideal as is the character, every where helps on the history, a

whole century of old English wit and sense and humor being crowded together and compacted in him. And one is surprised, withal, upon reflection, to see how many scraps and odd minutes of intelligence are here to be met with. The Poet seems indeed to have been almost every where, and brought away some tincture or relish of the place; as though his body were set full of eyes, and every eye took in matter of thought and memory: here we have the smell of eggs and butter; there we turn up a fragment of old John of Gaunt; elsewhere we chance upon a pot of Tewksbury mustard; again we hit a bit of popular superstition, how earl Douglas "runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular:" on the march with Falstaff we contemplate "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" at Clement's-Inn we hear "the chimes at midnight;" at master Shallow's we "eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways and so forth:" now we are amidst the poetries of chivalry and the felicities of victory; now amidst the obscure sufferings of war, where its inexorable iron hand enters the widow's cottage, and snatches away the land's humblest comforts. And so we might go on indefinitely, the particulars of this kind being so numerous as might well distract the mind, and yet so skillfully composed that the number seems not large, till by a special effort of thought one goes to view them severally. And these particulars, though so unnoticed, or so little noticed, in the detail, are nevertheless so ordered that they all tell in the result. How pervading and controlling is the principle of organic life and law, issuing in a perfect fitting of all the parts to each, and of each to all, so that in the farthest extremities we can detect the beatings of one common heart, may be specially instanced in Sir John: whose sayings every where so fit and cleave to the circumstances, to all the oddities of connection and situation out of which they grow; have such a mixed smacking, such a various and composite relish, made up from all the peculiarities of the person by whom, the occasion wherein, and the pur-

pose for which they are spoken, that they cannot be detached and set out by themselves, without thwarting or greatly marring their force and flavor. On the whole, we may safely affirm with Johnson, that "perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight."

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

THE PRINCE

The prince comes to the court at his father's end. The last suspicion rouses fully his veiled nature. This one scene, which needs no explanation, is worth all the rest of the play. The king's apparent death cuts him to the heart; Warwick finds him sitting over the crown like a picture of mourning sorrow. The hearts even of the most unconcerned tremble with doubt as to what the kingdom may expect from him. The far-seeing Warwick had flattered the sick king that the prince had but studied his wild companions like a strange tongue, the most immodest word of which is learned; that in the perfectness of time he would cast off his followers. But when the perfectness of time came, he seemed to be of another opinion, and he wishes the heir to the throne had the temper of the worst of his brothers. His brothers see with astonishment Henry's deep emotion when he appears as king; the worthy Lord Chief-Justice he keeps in suspense to the very last; at length with calm majesty he draws back the clouds from his bright and pure nature, and with one word sets all at rest, by promising that this very man shall be a father to him, that *his* voice shall sound before all others in his ear, and that he will follow his wise directions. Wildness and passion have died and been buried with his father; the tide of blood, hitherto flowing in vanity, turns and ebbs back to the sea, where it shall mingle "with the state of floods, and flow henceforth in formal majesty." The change of feeling which had commenced with his call against the rebels is completed at his higher vocation to occupy the

English throne, and it is soon confirmed by his kingly life and his heroic deeds.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

FALSTAFF

Falstaff was no coward, but pretended to be one merely for the sake of trying experiments on the credulity of mankind: he was a liar with the same object, and not because he loved falsehood for itself. He was a man of such pre-eminent abilities, as to give him a profound contempt for all those by whom he was usually surrounded, and to lead to a determination on his part, in spite of their fancied superiority, to make them his tools and dupes. He knew, however low he descended, that his own talents would raise him, and extricate him from any difficulty. While he was thought to be the greatest rogue, thief, and liar, he still had that about him which could render him not only respectable, but absolutely necessary to his companions. It was in characters of complete moral depravity, but of first-rate wit and talents, that Shakspeare delighted.—COLLIER, *Diary*.

It cannot escape the reader's notice that he [Falstaff] is a character made up by Shakespeare wholly of incongruities: a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor.—MORGAN, *An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*.

Sir John, although, as he truly declares, "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men," is by no means a purely comic character. Were he no more than this, the stern words of Henry to his old companion would be unendurable. The central principle of Falstaff's method of living is that the facts and laws of

the world may be evaded or set at defiance, if only the resources of inexhaustible wit be called upon to supply by brilliant ingenuity whatever deficiencies may be found in character and conduct. Therefore Shakspeare condemned Falstaff inexorably. Falstaff, the invulnerable, endeavors, as was said in a preceding chapter, to coruscate away the realities of life. But the fact presses in upon Falstaff at the last relentlessly. Shakspeare's earnestness here is at one with his mirth; there is a certain sternness underlying his laughter. Mere detection of his stupendous unveracities leaves Sir John just where he was before; the success of his lie is of less importance to him than is the glory of its invention. "There is no such thing as totally demolishing Falstaff; he has so much of the invulnerable in his frame that no ridicule can destroy him; he is safe even in defeat, and seems to rise, like another Antæus, with recruited vigor from every fall." It is not ridicule, but some stern invasion of fact—not to be escaped from—which can subdue Falstaff. Perhaps Nym and Pistol got at the truth of the matter when they discoursed of Sir John's unexpected collapse:—

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art.*

In comic power Shakespeare culminates in Falstaff. Sir John is perhaps the most substantial and original, the most witty and humorous, all-around rogue, that ever was portrayed. He presents a most portly presence in the mind's eye, and his figure is drawn so definitely and individually, that even to the mere reader it conveys the clear impression of personal acquaintance.—RANDOLPH, *The Trial of Sir John Falstaff.*

SHALLOW AND SILENCE

After Falstaff, the most perfect characters in the play are Shallow and Silence, the Gloucestershire justices. Here again we have Shakespeare's astonishing power in individuality-portraiture. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast, a more direct antipodes in mental structure than he has achieved between Falstaff and Shallow; the one all intellect, all acuteness of perception and fancy, and the other, the justice, a mere compound of fatuity, a *caput mortuum* of understanding. Not only is Shallow distinguished by his eternal babble, talking "infinite nothings," but with the flabby vivacity, the idiotic restlessness that not unfrequently accompany this class of mind; (if such a being may be said to possess mind at all;) he not only tattles on—"whirr, whirr, whirr," like a ventilator, but he fills up the chinks in his sentences with *repetitions*, as blacksmiths continue to tap the anvil in the intervals of turning the iron upon it. But Shakespeare has presented us with a still stronger quality of association in minds of Shallow's caliber, that of asking questions everlastingly, and instantly giving evidence that the replies have not sunk even skin deep with them, rushing on from subject to subject, and returning again to those that have been dismissed. His provincial habit of life is also indicated by his constant recurrence to his metropolitan days,—the "mad days that he had spent at Clement's Inn." The idea of Shallow having been a roysterer at *any* period of his life! the very constitution of the man's mind confutes his boast, without the testimony of Falstaff; and that is the finest burlesque portrait that ever was drawn.

As if it were not sufficient triumph for the poet to have achieved such a contrast as the two intellects of Falstaff and Shallow,—in the consciousness and the opulence of unlimited genius, he stretches the line of his invention, and produces a foil even to Shallow—a climax to nothing—in the person of his cousin, Silence.

Silence is an embryo of a man,—a molecule,—a gradua-

tion from nonentity towards intellectual being,—a man dwelling in the suburbs of sense, groping about in the twilight of apprehension and understanding. He is the second stage in the “Vestiges;” he has just emerged from the tadpole state. Here again a distinction is preserved between these two characters. Shallow gabbles on from mere emptiness; while Silence, from the same incompetence, rarely gets beyond the shortest replies. The firmament of his wonder and adoration are the sayings and doings of his cousin and brother-justice at Clement’s Inn, and which he has been in the constant habit of hearing, without satiety and nausea, for half-a-century. Like a provincial-bred man, also, Silence thinks no heroes can be so great as those of his own neighborhood.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

FALSTAFF’S COMPANIONS

Pistol is the raw article of poltroonery done in fustian instead of a gayly slashed doublet. Bardolph is the capaciousness for sherry without the capacity to make it apprehensive and forgetive: it goes to his head, but, finding no brain there, is provoked to the nose, where it lights a cautionary signal. Nym is the brag stripped of resources, shivering in prosiness. Dame Quickly is the easy virtue in reduced circumstances, dropped out of its fashionable quarter to keep a bar and be a procuress,—all the fine phrases pawned clear down to vulgar gossip.—WEISS, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare*.

KINGCRAFT AND THE CHEATING OF INFERIOR RANKS

Kingcraft, policy, and statesmanship are, therefore, not so far removed in kin from the cheating and swindling of inferior ranks; and that they are more solemn, and less readily admit of genial accompaniments, is no addition to their excellence, and the ambitious politically, or indeed in any other direction, must lay their account of dignity with

the penalty of isolation. This contrast is not only exhibited dramatically in the double position of Hal, cordial almost and at his ease among his free companions, and reserved perforce and disabled from real cordiality as the center of a crowded court, but the same sentiment inspires the reflections of the restless Henry IV on the contrast, in respect of ease and happiness, between the occupant of the throne he struggled so incessantly to gain and retain, and his humblest subject in rudest circumstances of outward hardship—the peasant in smoky crib and upon uneasy pallet, or the sea-boy storm-drenched at the mast-head.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

SUMMARY

In the second part of the play, the other and second side of the nature of feudalism is brought more into the foreground. Shakspeare justly looks upon the war as ended; the battle of Shrewsbury has decided the victory in favor of the royal party. What there remains of the war is so unimportant, that, very properly, it takes place behind the scenes. The question now is, for the king to make the best possible use of his victory, and for the rebellious barons to obtain as advantageous a peace as possible. Political prudence has now to settle matters; hence the dramatic action here consists principally in deliberations and negotiations. The barons, at the very outset, appear inclined to submission; they maintain their position in the field at the head of their army, simply to make an imposing impression. Accordingly, those of them who look upon themselves less as knights than as lords and rulers of the country—old Northumberland and the Bishop of York, Westmoreland and others—stand at the head of affairs. The vassalry is exhibited more from that aspect, where it stands in direct relation with the government, and where the barons occupy a political position in the narrower sense, inasmuch as by virtue of their semi-sovereign power over their great estates, they not only represent their own per-

OF KING HENRY IV

Comments

sons but, as lords of the land, have the weal and woe of thousands in their hand. This, Shakespeare has intimated in a beautiful manner by the short intermediate scene with Sir John Coleville (Act IV, iii), which has its significance and justification from this very circumstance.—ULRICI, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*.

**THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOR, *the Presenter*

KING HENRY *the Fourth*

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Henry V,*

THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,

PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,

EARL OF WARWICK

EARL OF WESTMORELAND

EARL OF SURREY

GOWER

HARCOURT

BLUNT

Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench

A Servant of the Chief-Justice

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*

LORD MOWERAY

LORD HASTINGS

LORD BARDOLPH

SIR JOHN COLVILLE

TRAVERS and MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

His Page

BARDOLPH

PISTOL

POINS

PETO

SHALLOW, } *country justices*

SILENCE, }

DAVY, *servant to Shallow*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCalf, *recruits*

FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND

LADY PERCY

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap*

DOLL TEARSHEET

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue

SCENE: *England*

SYNOPSIS

By J. ELLIS BURDICK

ACT I

Hotspur's father, the Earl of Northumberland, hears of his son's defeat and death at Shrewsbury and that the king has sent John of Lancaster and the Earl of Westmoreland against him. His anger at this news gives him strength and he resolves to resist. Scroop, Archbishop of York, becomes commander of the insurgent army.

ACT II

Sir John Falstaff while levying troops runs up an account at the tavern and the hostess threatens to sue him. The Prince of Wales finds him at the tavern and he is summoned to take up his army duties.

ACT III

Henry IV is disheartened over his own failing health and the wars in the north; he believes that the rebels are aiming at his throne; and his inability to keep his vow to visit the Holy Land also worries him.

ACT IV

In Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire the Archbishop of York at the head of the rebels faces John of Lancaster with the royal forces. The latter calls a conference of the rebel chieftains, promises to redress their grievances, and urges that both armies be dispersed. The rebels assent and begin to disperse their forces. Immediately, Lancaster has the rebel leaders, Hastings, York, and Mowbray, arrested, and

orders them executed for high treason. His own army falls upon the scattering bands of insurgents and many are slain and taken prisoners. Messengers carry the news to the king, but he is too ill to care much about the tidings, and his condition grows rapidly worse. The Prince of Wales comes to attend his father; he is told that the king is sleeping and sits down beside him. The sleep, however, is so deep that the Prince believes his father dead and goes into another room, carrying with him the crown which had been on the pillow beside the king. The king awakes and accuses his son of being anxious for his death. The Prince explains his conduct and father and son are at peace again.

ACT V

After Henry IV's death, the Prince of Wales ascends the throne as Henry V. With his assumption of the crown, he dismisses from his companionship Falstaff and his friends, sending them to the navy until "their conversation appear more wise and modest to the world."

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

INDUCTION

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumor speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

INDUCTION. "*Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues*"; so Q.; Ff., "*Enter Rumor.*" In ancient pageants Rumor was often represented as apparelled in a robe "full of toongs"; Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, describes Rumor as

*"A goodly lady, environed about
With tongues of fire."*

Similarly Chaucer, *House of Fame*, 298-300: Probably the idea was ultimately derived from Virgil, *Æneid*, IV. 173-188.—I. G.

In a masque on *St. Stephen's Night*, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumor* comes on in a skin coat full of winged tongues.—H. N. H.

INDUCT. 6. "*tongues*"; so Q.; Ff., "*tongue.*"—I. G.

INDUCT. 8. "*men*"; so Q.; Ff., "*them.*"—I. G.

I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world: 10
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defense,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other
grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumor here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his
troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,

35. "hold of ragged stone"; Northumberland's castle.—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Induction

Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumor's
tongues

They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs. [Exit. 40

37. "*tiring on*"; probably riding hard, without a pause.—C. H. H.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honor, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute
now

Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose 10
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

KING HENRY IV

Act I. Sc. i.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:

The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the
Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince
John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir
John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, 20
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I
sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way; 30
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes
with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
 Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
 A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
 horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury: 40
 He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
 Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion 50
 Had met ill luck?

L. Bard My lord, I'll tell you what;
 If my young lord your son hath not the day,
 Upon mine honor, for a silken point
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by
 Travers

45. "*jade*" is not used by Shakespeare as a *term* of contempt; for Richard II gives this appellation to his favorite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV rode at his coronation: "That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand." It was only another name for a horse.—H. N. H.

47. So in the book of Job, xxxix. 24: "He *swalloweth the ground* with fierceness and rage." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*: "But with that speed and heat of appetite, with which they greedily *devour the way* to some great sports."—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act I. Sc. i.

Give them such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf, 60
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-
bury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and
thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Doug-
las.'

62. "whereon"; so Q.; Ff., "when."—I. G.

63. "witness'd usurpation"; an attestation of its ravage.—H. N. H.

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton;

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. 90

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling, a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

101. "*a losing office*"; an office that brings him but loss.—C. H. H.

102. The "*bell*" anciently was rung while the person was dying, and thence called the *passing* bell.—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act I. Sc. i.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor-
cester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-laboring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king
'Gain vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his
flight, 130
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all

Is that the king hath won, and hath sent in
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord Allen,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster, with
 And Westmoreland. This is the news at all.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physic; and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me
 sick,
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life, 141
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with
 grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
 nice crutch!
 A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly
 quoil!
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach 150
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
 bring
 To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's
 hand
 Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
 And let this world no longer be a stage

138. "*having been well*"; referring to *me*, i. e. "had I been well."—
 C. H. H.

feed contention in a lingering act;
 Let it let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honor.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you
 said

'Let us make head.' It was your presumise,
 That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, 170
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
 You were advised his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger
 ranged:

Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,

156. "*to feed contention in a lingering act*," where civil war drags out its course through successive scenes;—a reference perhaps to the "long jars" of York and Lancaster.—C. H. H.

161. This line is wanting in the folio, and in the quarto is by mistake given to Umfreville, who is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It is given to Travers as Steevens' suggestion.—H. N. H.

164. "*Leam*"; Q., "*leau*"; "*your*"; Q., "*you*."—I. G.

166-179; omitted in Q.—I. G.

174. "*where most trade of danger ranged*"; where danger chiefly walked or haunted.—C. H. H.

Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
 More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss 180
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
 That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
 Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And since we are o'erset, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up
 With well-appointed powers: he is a man 190
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord your son had only but the corpse,
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and
 souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop 200
 Turns insurrection to religion:
 Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's followed both with body and with mind;

189-209. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

As the sense plainly requires these lines, Mr. Collier thinks the quarto to have been put forth in haste, and perhaps printed from a defective manuscript.—H. N. H.

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones;

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him. 209

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with
speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

London. A street.

*Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his
sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to
my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good

204. "*doth enlarge his rising*"; increases the number of his supporters by posing as the avenger of Richard.—C. H. H.

207. That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner.—H. N. H.

1, 2. This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions

healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is in-
vented on me: I am not only witty in myself, 10
but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with

pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice, which has its dupes even in these enlightened times.—H. N. H.

4. "*owed*"; owned.—H. N. H.

7. "*gird*"; Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride*, meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort.—This passage might be aptly quoted as proving that with Falstaff the main business of life is to laugh and provoke laughter. He is manifestly himself proud of the pride that others take in girding at him; enjoys their quips even more perhaps than they do, because he is the begetter of them; as being the flint which alone can draw forth sparks from their steel, and himself shining by the light he causes them to emit. And in what he says just after to the Page we see that much as he values the things that minister to his "huge hill of flesh," he values that hill itself still more as ministering opportunities of saying fine things; and that he would not spare an ounce from that bulk out of which he can extract occasion for such prodigies of humor.—H. N. H.

8. "*foolish-compounded clay, man*"; Q. and Ff., "*foolish compounded clay-man*."—I. G.

19. "*manned with an agate*"; i. e. with an image cut in agate,—

an agate till now: but I will inset you neither 20
 in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and
 send you back again to your master, for a
 jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your mas-
 ter, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will
 sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my
 hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and
 yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-
 royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not
 a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a
 face-royal, for a barber shall never earn six- 30
 pence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as
 if he had writ man ever since his father was
 a bachelor. He may keep his own grace,
 but he's almost out of mine, I can assure
 him. What said Master Dombledon about
 the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him bet-
 ter assurance than Bardolph: he would not
 take his band and yours; he liked not the se-
 curity. 40

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray
 God his tongue be hotter! A, whoreson

referring both to the page's diminutive stature and to his smooth face.—C. H. H.

23. "*juvenal*"; occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *Love's Labor Lost*. It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a young man.—H. N. H.

30. "*face-royal*"; Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal*; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.—H. N. H.

42. "*his tongue be hotter*"; alluding to the rich man in the Parable, *Luke* xvi. 24.

Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave!
 to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand
 upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates
 do now wear nothing but high shoes, and
 bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a
 man is through with them in honest taking
 up, then they must stand upon security. I
 had as lief they would put ratsbane in my 50
 mouth as offer to stop it with security. I
 looked a' should have sent me two and twenty
 yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and
 he sends me security. Well, he may sleep
 in security; for he hath the horn of abun-
 dance, and the lightness of his wife shines
 through it: and yet cannot he see, though
 he have his own lanthorn to light him.
 Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your 60
 worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a
 horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a
 wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed,
 and wived.

43. "a rascally yea-forsooth knave"; Q., "rascall."—I. G.

48. "through"; that is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit.
 —H. N. H.

62. "Paul's"; in Shakespeare's time *St. Paul's Cathedral* was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Thus in Dekker's *Gull's Horn-Book*, 1609: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk any thing; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out." Tradesmen and masterless serving-men also set up their adver-

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there? 70

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf. 80

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

tisements there; and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last circumstance is thus referred to in *Choice of Change*, 1598: "A man must not make choyce of three things in three places: Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in Paul's; of a horse in Smithfield; lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." Likewise in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife."—H. N. H.

66-68. "*here comes the nobleman who committed the Prince,*" etc.; this was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.—I. G.

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame 90 to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldier-ship aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood 100 and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you. 110

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age

87. "*begging*"; so in the quarto; in the folio, *beg*. And just below the folio has *want*, instead of "*need*."—H. N. H.

in you, some relish of the saltness of time;
and I most humbly beseech your lordship to
have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your 120
expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An 't please your lordship, I hear his maj-
esty is returned with some discomfort from
Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty; you would
not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is
fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you,
let me speak with you. 130

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of
lethargy, an 't please your lordship; a kind
of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson ting-
ling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it
is.

Fal. It hath it original from much grief, from
study and perturbation of the brain: I have
read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a
kind of deafness. 140

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the dis-
ease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't
please you, it is the disease of not listening,

137. "it"; its; so Q, F, F.—C. H. H.

143. In Q. the prefix "Old" is given instead of "Fal(staff)," *cp.*
Preface.—I. G.

the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so ¹⁵⁰ patient: your lordship may minister the portion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned ¹⁶⁰ counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer. ¹⁷⁰

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am

160-162. The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offense of the kind in question.—H. N. H.

the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord? 180

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your 190 face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

187. "*if I did say of wax*"; of course there is a quibble here upon *wax*; referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb, to *wax*, that is, *grow*.—H. N. H.

191. "*his*"; it may be worth the while to remark here, that in the Poet's time "*his*" was constantly used where we should use *its*, the latter not being then a legitimate words. Such, as the reader may not need to be told, is uniformly the case in our version of the Scriptures; and the same usage occurs in a great many places of these plays. It is true, Shakespeare has *its* in several instances, as in *The Winter's Tale*, Act i. sc. 2: "How sometimes nature will betray *its* folly, *its* tenderness, and make itself a pastime." And again, a little after: "My dagger muzzled, lest it should bite *its* master." But the word was then strictly an innovation, and as such was shunned by scholars and careful writers generally.—H. N. H.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valor is turned bear-²⁰⁰ herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 210

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the

195. Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called "*angel*," which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "*As light as a clipt angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. The quarto has "*ill angel*" both in the Judge's speech and in Falstaff's reply: the folio changes the former into "*evil angel*," but retains the latter.—H. N. H.

198. "*I cannot go; I cannot tell*"; Johnson was probably right in seeing here a play on *go* and *tell* in the sense of "*pass current*" and "*count as good money*."—I. G.

"*I cannot tell*"; Dr. Johnson explains, "I cannot be taken in a *reckoning*, I cannot *pass current*." Mr. Gifford objects to this, and says that it merely means "I cannot tell what to think of it." The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common, says Mr. Boswell; but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, his interpretation appears to suit the context better.—H. N. H.

199. "*costermonger*"; *costard* was the old name for an apple: a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-peddler*. Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering*.—H. N. H.

scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 220

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, 230 he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince!
I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and 240

217. "*your wit single*"; the Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double*, just before.—H. N. H.

224. "*halloing*"; does Falstaff mean "hallelu-ing?"—C. H. H.

Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I 250 might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be 260 scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

251. "*Spit white*"; cp. *Batman uppon Bartholome*, ed. 1582 (quoted by Dr. Furnivall):—"If the spittle be white viscus, the sickness cometh of fleam; if black, of melancholy; the white spittle not knottie signifieth health." Other passages indicate that it was also regarded as a sign of thirst.—I. G.

254-261. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

264, 265. The point and aptness of this question are so subtle as to be, perhaps, not always taken. The Judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says,—Will your lordship let me

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. 270

A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to

have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while.—H. N. H.

266, 267. The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to downright punning; thus showing that Falstaff is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." "*Crosses*" were *pieces of money*.—H. N. H.

270. This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth; and the fall generally kills it.—H. N. H.

275. to "*prevent*" is to anticipate. "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches" (Psalm cxix).—H. N. H.

marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 290 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file 10

To five and twenty thousand men of choice;

And our supplies live largely in the hope

3. "hopes"; prospects.—C. H. H.

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings,
standeth thus;

Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far 20
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with
hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts.
And so, with great imagination 31
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,

30. That is, *which turned out to be much smaller.*—H. N. H.

36–55. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

36, etc.

*"If this present quality of war
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot," etc.*

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds; which to prove
 fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant as despair 40
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
 build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices, or at least desist
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
 Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
 And set another up, should we survey 50
 The plot of situation and the model,
 Consent upon a sure foundation,
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite; or else
 We fortify in paper and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men:
 Like one that draws the model of a house

Various attempts have been made to restore the meaning of the lines. Malone's reading has been generally accepted:—

*"Yes, in this present quality of war:
 Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—
 Lives so in hope as in an early spring,"*

which Grant White paraphrases, "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, etc. Indeed this very action or affair—a cause on foot— is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring." Pope proposed "*Impede the instant act*"; Johnson, "*in this present. . . . Indeed of instant action*"; Mason, "*if this prescient quality of war Induc'd the instant action,*" etc.—I. G.

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty
thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bar-
dolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads: one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
together

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh

Baying him at the heels: never fear that. 80

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces
hither?

71. "against the French"; a French army of 12,000 men landed at Mitford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Glendower, during this rebellion.—I. G.

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch.

Let us on,

And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times? 100

They that, when Richard lived, would have him
die,

Are now become enamor'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

83. This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parliament of King Henry IV, says, "His *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster."—H. N. H.

85-108. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

KING HENRY IV

Act I. Sc. iii.

When through proud London he came sighing
on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men ac-
cursed!

Past and to come seems best; things present,
worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be-
gone.

110

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

London. A street.

Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered 10
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly; in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for 20
his thrust.

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. i.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited 30 to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought 40 on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

36. "*long*"; so in the old copies; which Theobald supposed to be a corruption of *lone*, or *loan*. Mr. Douce thinks the hostess means to say that "a hundred mark is a long" score, or *reckoning*, for her to bear;—H. N. H.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? What's the matter? 50

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou 60 honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace 70 here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?

49. "*whose mare's dead*"; a proverbial phrase for "What has happened?"—C. H. H.

69. "*catastrophe*"; i. e. *pars postrema*.—C. H. H.

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York. Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st up-
on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit. 80

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John! Fie! 90
what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thy-

88, 89. In explanation of this passage, Mr. Collier says that in old times "the gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged '*mare*.'" Of course the hostess means the *nightmare*; but punning and Falstaff are inseparable.—H. N. H.

89. "*vantage of ground*"; favorable opportunity.—C. H. H.

96-118. Coleridge, in his noble *Essay on Method*, cites this speech of the hostess as an instance of narrative "fermenting o'er with frothy circumstances," and his comment upon it is one of those rare felicities of criticism, such as we never think of until started by another, nor ever forget them after; they being so natural and apt that the mind no sooner sees them than it closes with them. "The

self and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson 100 week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I 110 told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

poor soul's thoughts and sentences," says he, "are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify and appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements."—H. N. H.

98. "*Parcel-gilt*" is partly gilt, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, describing a bride-cup, says,—"It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel gilt*."—H. N. H.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them. 120

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person. 130

Host Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance. 140

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do

wrong: but answer in the effect of your 150
reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of
Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more
words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I 160
must be fain to pawn both my plate and the
tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and
for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the
story of the Prodigal, or the German hunt-
ing in water-work, is worth a thousand of

150. "*but answer*," etc.; suitably to your character.—H. N. H.

151. "*satisfy*"; pay.—C. H. H.

154. "*Gower*"; probably intended for the poet, a zealous adherent
of Henry IV.—C. H. H.

160. "*by this heavenly ground*"; a confusion of "by heaven" and
"by this ground."—C. H. H.

163. "*glasses is the only drinking*"; Harrison (*Descr. of England*,
ed. 1587, ii. 6; quoted by Adams) attests that the costly glass of
Venice and Murano was then more in request with "our gentilitie"
than gold or silver.—C. H. H.

166. "*water-work*"; the painted cloth was generally oil-color; but
a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern
paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed
in water-color, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild-boar
hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.—H. N. H.

these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, and 'twere not for thy humors, there's not a better wench in England. 170 Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn 180 my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers. and Boy.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night? 190

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

167. "*these bed-hangings*"; a derisive term for wall tapestries.—C. H. H.

168. "*let it be ten pound*"; Falstaff "satisfies" his creditor by requiring a new loan.—C. H. H.

175. "*but twenty nobles*"; i. e. £6: 13: 4 [\$32.50].—C. H. H.

177. "*so God save me, la*"; Q., "*so God save me law*"; Ff., "*in good earnest la*."—I. G.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all 's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord! 201

Ch. Just. What 's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower? 210

Ch. Just. What foolish matter taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

London. Another street

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition. 10

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colored ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because 20

the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the mid- 30 wives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent 40 good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too. 50

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the

28-33. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

28. "*and God knows,*" etc.; his *bastard children*, wrapped up in his old shirts. The ellipsis "*out*" for *out of*, Steevens says, is sometimes used.—H. N. H.

man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I 60
should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so? 70

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph. 80

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a'

77. "*a proper fellow of my hands*"; is the same as a *tall fellow of his hands*. That a *tall* or a *proper fellow* was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for a *thief*, there can be no doubt. Cotgrave has a proverb, "The gibbet makes an end of *proper men*."—H. N. H.

had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

90

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, 100
away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

86. "*virtuous*"; Ff., "*pernicious*"; Capell conjectured "*precious*."—I. G.

100. "*Althæa*"; the boy here confounds Althæa's firebrand with Hecuba's; perhaps the blunder was the poet's.—I. G.

The fire-brand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a fire-brand that consumed the kingdom."—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. ii.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept
from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to
preserve thee. 110

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among
you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your
grace's coming to town: there's a letter for
you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how
doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physi- 120
cian; but that moves not him: though that be
sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar
with me as my dog; and he holds his place;
for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every
man must know that, as oft as he has occa-
sion to name himself: even like those that
are kin to the king; for they never prick
their finger but they say, 'There's some of 130
the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?'
says he, that takes upon him not to conceive.

118. "*martlemas*"; Falstaff is before called *thou latter spring, all-hallowen summer*, and Poins now calls him *martlemas*, a corruption of *martinmas*, which means the same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. *Este de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a *late summer*. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.—H. N. H.

123. "*wen*"; swollen excrescence.—H. N. H.

The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap,
'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will
fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to
the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry
Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is
a certificate. 140

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honorable
Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity
in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to
thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be
not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses
thy favors so much, that he swears thou art
to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle
times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.'

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as 150
much as to say, as thou usest him,
JACK FALSTAFF with my famil-
iars, JOHN with my brothers and
sisters, and SIR JOHN with all
Europe.'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and
make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his
words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must
I marry your sister? 160

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune!
But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the

133. "borrower's cap"; Theobald's emendation; Ff. and Q., "bor-
rowed cap."—I. G.

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. ii.

time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap. 170

Prince. What company?

Prince. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, 180 Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be 190 some road.

172. A slang phrase probably signifying *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*.—H. N. H.

176. "*pagan*"; Massinger, in *The City Madam*, has used this phrase for a *wench*: "In all these places I've had my several *pagans* billeted."—H. N. H.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way
between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow him-
self to-night in his true colors, and not our-
selves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons,
and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull? a heavy descen-
sion! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a 200
prentice? a low transformation! that shall be
mine; for in every thing the purpose must
weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

*Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland,
and Lady Percy.*

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle
daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

197. "*leathern jerkins*"; commonly worn by vintners and tapsters.
—I. G.

199. "*descension*"; so in the quarto; in the folio, *declension*. *De-
scension* seems to be a word of the Poet's own coining, and therefore
perhaps the editors of the folio changed it, as not having sufficient
authority.—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. iii.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honor is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars! 9

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear
Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours and your
son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven, and by his light 20
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,

12. "*heart's dear Harry*"; Fl., "*heart-deere-Harry*."—I. G.

19. "*the gray vault of heaven*"; cp. the use of "gray" applied to the eyes, where we generally use "blue"; "*gray-eyed morn*" (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 1) may perhaps illustrate the same fact.—I. G.

23. This and the twenty-one lines following are not in the quarto.—H. N. H.

In military rules, humors of blood, 30
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous
him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's
name

Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honor more precise and nice 40
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their num-
bers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland, 50
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,

To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,

First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband. 61

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

55. "*for all our loves*"; as you love us all.—C. H. H.

59. "*remembrance*"; alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance*, and therefore used at weddings and funerals. Thus Ophelia says,—"*There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.*"—H. N. H.

3. "*apple-john*"; "*Nor John-apple*, whose wither'd rind entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly represents decrepid age" (Phillips). Falstaff has already said of himself, "*I am withered like an old apple-John.*"—H. N. H.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that. 10

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Pains anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word. 20

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

9. "*angered*"; *anger* was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress*, without implying any desire to *punish*. Thus in St. Mark, iii, 5, speaking of our Saviour: "And when he had looked round about on them with *anger*, being *grieved* for the hardness of their hearts."—H. N. H.

12. "*Sneak*" was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band. In the old play of *King Henry V*: "There came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then sent for a *noyse of musitions*."—The folio closes this speech at *music*, the rest being only in the quarto.—H. N. H.

21. "*old*"; we have seen several times already that "*old*" was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now.—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. iv.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidege beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvelous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you know? 30

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first in court'—
Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*]—
[*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith. 40

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of

36. "When Arthur's first in court"; from the ballad of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, printed in *Percy's Reliques*.—I. G.

40. "calm" is a Quicklyism for *qualm*. Of course Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun.—H. N. H.

you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my 50
poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:' for
to serve bravely is to come halting off, you
know; to come off the breach with his pike
bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to ven-
ture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang
yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you 60
two never meet but you fall to some discord:
you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as
two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with
another's confirmities. What the good-
year! one must bear, and that must be you:
you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the
emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge
full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's
venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have 70
not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.

53. "*your brooches, pearls, and ouches*"; a scrap of an old ballad,
first marked as a quotation by Capell.—I. G.

This is a quotation from a ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle*,
save that Falstaff substitutes *pearls* for *rings*. A modern revision
of the ballad is given in *Percy's Reliques*, Book iii., Series iii.—
Ouches were bosses of gold.—It has been rightly said that Sir John
refers to something very different from real gems and jewels, using
the words somewhat as we use *carbuncle*.—H. N. H.

56, 57. To understand this quibble it is necessary to remember that
a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a *small piece of*
ordnance.—H. N. H.

58, 59. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

64. "*good-year*"; probably a corruption of Fr. "*goujère*," a disease.
—C. H. H.

Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

80

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbors; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

90

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'

72-76. It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvisatores a little what in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:

"Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:

Thou art going to the wars;

And whether I shall ever see thee again,

Or no, there is nobody cares."—H. N. H.

94, 98. "*Tisick; Dumb*"; ludicrously intended to denote that the

other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbor Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbor Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' 100 now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not 110 swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. [*Exit First Drawer.*]

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel,

deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II.—H. N. H.

114. "*cheater*"; the humor consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater*, that is, a *gamester*, for an *escheator*, or officer of the exchequer. Lord Coke, in his *Charge at Norwich*, 1607, puns upon the equivocal: "But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*."—H. N. H.

masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess. 120

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her. 130

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy. 140

123. "Pistol" has been likened to the character of "the swaggering ruffian," Centurio, in the famous Spanish play by Rojas, called *Celestina*, which was translated into English by James Mabbe; and though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1598, the translation was not issued till 1630. It is more than probable that Mabbe was one of Shakespeare's friends; at all events, the dramatist may easily have read the English *Tragicke-Comedye of Celestina* in MS. (Mabbe's fascinating book has recently been reprinted as a volume of Mr. Nutt's *Tudor Translations*.)—I. G.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go 150 off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for 160 tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the

142. "*bung*"; to *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. "*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*" (*Belman of London*, 1610).—H. N. H.

146. "*Since when, I pray you, sir?*" a scoffing form of inquiry.—I. G.

150–152. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

163. "*mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes*" are put for the refuse of brothels.

word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll. 170

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very 180 late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humors, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,

166. "*occupy*"; this word had been perverted to an obscene meaning. An *occupant* was also a term for a woman of the town, and an *occupier* meant a *wencher*. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says.—"Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature."—The folio omits all between "*odious*" and "*therefore*."—H. N. H.

178. "*Have we not Hiren here?*" probably a quotation from a lost play by George Peele called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*"; "*Hiren*," a corruption of "*Irene*."—I. G.

Hiren, from its resemblance to *siren*, was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.—H. N. H.

184. "*And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia*"; cp. 2 *Tamburlaine*, IV. iv.:

Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
with

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bit- 190
ter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to
a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins!
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such
here. What the good-year! do you think I
would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack. 200

'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!

What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"—I. G.

188. "*Let the welkin roar*"; a commonplace tag in old ballads of the time.—I. G.

199. "*Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis*"; a burlesque of passages in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (1594); Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword, and says, "*Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis*."—I. G.

201. "*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento*"; the line, probably purposely corrupted, was restored by Hanmer:—"Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta" (i. e. "If fortune torments me, hope contents me"). "Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonzaga," remarked Farmer, "who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, Fancies* :—

*'Si Fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta.'*"—I. G.

This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. iv.

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou
there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras
nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf: what! we
have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I
cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Gal- 210
loway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-
groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but
speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we im-
brue? [*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful
days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping
wounds

his sword; the same of which he has already said,—“Have we not
Hiren here?” and which he calls *sweetheart* just after. Mr. Douce
found an old sword having the motto inscribed in French,—

“Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente.”

Some editions have corrected Pistol's repetition into grammatical
Italian, but have not told us why they omitted to correct in like
manner his *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks*. We see no reason for
attempting to *de-Pistolize* the text.—H. N. H.

204. That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport?—H. N. H.

207. “*seen the seven stars*”; spent many a night together.—C. H. H.

217. “*Then death rock me asleep*”; etc.; said to be a fragment of
an old song written by Anne Boleyn.—I. G.

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I
say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward! 220

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not
draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear
keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts
and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.
Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put
up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's 230
gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant vil-
lain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought
a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

219. "*Untwine the Sisters Three*"; cp. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i., where there is a reference to the "shears" of Atropos, the Fate that cut the thread of human destiny.—I. G.

Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade:

"I hate this loathsome life,
O Atropos, draw nie,
Untwist the thred of mortall strife,
Send death, and let me die."—H. N. H.

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, o' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me ²⁴⁰ wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets. 250

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a ²⁶⁰ death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

²⁵⁶. "*thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig*"; Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. It was a common subject of allusion.—H. N. H.

Dol. Sirrah, what humor's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a 270 mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joined-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of dis- 280 creet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

279. "*the sign of the leg*"; suspended over shoemakers' shops.—C. H. H.

280. "*discreet*"; Poins, it is insinuated tells *indiscreet* (i. e. indecent) stories.—C. H. H.

287. "*nave of a wheel*"; Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The equivoque between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. iv.

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath 290
not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so
many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his
man, be not lipping to his master's old tables,
his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses. 300

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy
young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall

295. This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.—H. N. H.

297. "*Fiery Trigon*"; alluding to the astrological division of the zodiacal signs into four *trigons* or *triplicities*; one consisting of the three *fiery* signs (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); the others, respectively, of three airy, three watery, and three earthy signs. When the three superior planets were in the three fiery signs they formed a *fiery trigon*; when in Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, a *watery* one, etc.—I. G.

Poins of course refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper*.—H. N. H.

306. "*kirtle*"; few words, as Mr. Gifford observes, have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle*. The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrtel*, to *gird*, was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it. "*Vasquine*," says Cotgrave, "a *kirtle* or *petticoat*." "*Surcot*, an *upper kirtle*, or garment worn over

receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone. 310

Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*
Poins. }

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead! 320

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of maj-

kirtle." Also, "*cotte de femme, a kirtle.*" Chaucer also uses *kirtle* for a tunic or sleeveless coat for a man. Florio explains *Tonaca* "a coate or jacket, or a sleeveless coate. Also, a woman's *petticoat* or *kirtle*, an upper safeguard." Cotgrave also translates "*un devant de robe, a kirtle or apron.*" Minsheu renders the Spanish word "*vasquina, a woman's petticoat or kirtle.*" And, finally, Torriano defines "*grembiale, an apron, a fore-kirtle.*" All this dictionary learning may appear very ridiculous, but at least it has put an end to doubt upon the subject.—H. N. H.

318. "*Poins his*"; Poins's.—C. H. H.

esty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, 330
thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your
revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you
take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how
vilely did you speak of me even now before
this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and
so she is, by my troth. 340

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when
you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was
at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try
my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou
wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the
willful abuse; and then I know how to han-
dle you. 350

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pant-
ler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned,
none. I dispraised him before the wicked,
that the wicked might not fall in love with
him; in which doing, I have done the part of
a careful friend and a true subject, and thy 360
father is to give me thanks for it. No

abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked? 370

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her 380 money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another in-

371. "*thou dead elm*"; Falstaff is apparently so called "on account of the weak support he had given to Doll Tearsheet" (his "vine" or "female ivy") (Schmidt).—C. H. H.

385-387. "*Marry, there is another indictment,*" etc.; Baret defines a "*victualling-house*, a tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season.*" By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I for the regulation and observance of fish days, victualers were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*. The brothels were formerly screened under the pretence of being victualing houses and taverns.—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act II. Sc. iv.

dictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victualers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent? 390

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and as I came along, 400
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good
night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto,
and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the 410
night, and we must hence, and leave it un-

picked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah.
Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see,
my good wenches, how men of merit are
sought after: the undeserver may sleep, 420
when the man of action is called on. Fare-
well, good wenches: if I be not sent away
post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready
to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of
thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee
these twenty nine years, come peascod-time;
but an honest and truer-hearted man,— 430
well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come
to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come.

[*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come,
Doll?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle
sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10
And hush'd with' buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?

1. The whole scene omitted in Q. 1 (i. e. the earlier copies of the edition).—I. G.

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
 them
 With deafening clamor in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. 31

15. "*why liest thou,*" etc.; the most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch*, when *sleep* has left it, is as the *case* or *box* which shelters the *watchman*; or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger. Strutt, however, in his *Manners and Customs*, cites from an old inventory a passage that may fit the text with a different explanation: "Item, a *laume* or *watch* of iron, in an iron *case*, with two leaden plumets." Knight remarks, that "by this *laume* or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument now called an *alarm*,—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour." And he adds,—"It is difficult to say whether Shakespeare means by the *watch-case* the box of a sentinel, and by the *common 'larum bell*, the alarm bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the *watch-case* is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarm."—H. N. H.

25. "*that*"; so that.—C. H. H.

30. "*Then happy low, lie down!*"; Q. reads "*Then (happy) low lie downs.*" Coleridge suggested "*Then, happy low-lie-down*"; Warburton, "*happy lowly clown.*" The Folio seems to make the meaning

KING HENRY IV

Act III. Sc. i.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;

Which to his former strength may be restored

With good advice and little medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent,

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean

50

Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

quite clear:—"Then happy Lowe, lye downe"; "low" is used substantively, "You who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest," etc.—I. G.

43. "little"; i. e. "a little."—I. G.

50. "ocean"; (three syllables).—C. H. H.

53-56. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

The happiest youth, viewing his progress
through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone

Since Richard and Northumberland, great
friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since ⁶⁰

This Percy was the man nearest my soul;

Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,

And laid his love and life under my foot;

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard

Gave him defiance. But which of you was
by—

You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—

[*To Warwick.*

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

55. The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue"; that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils. This note were needless, but that Dr. Johnson took upon him to misunderstand the line.—H. N. H.

60. "*but eight years since*"; this would bring the supposed historic date of this scene to 1407. The death of Glendower, reported at l. 103, happened according to Holinshed in 1408–1409 (actually in 1415).—C. H. H.

65. "*but which of you was by—*"; the reference here is to Act v. sc. 1 of *King Richard II*, where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to, unless the latter were among the attendants of Northumberland, as he is not named among the *Dramatis Personæ*.—H. N. H.

66. "*cousin Nevil*"; the earldom of Warwick did not come into the family of the Nevilles till the latter part of the reign of Henry VI; at this time it was in the family of Beauchamp.—I. G.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which 70
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head,

Shall break into corruption:' so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives 80
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of
time;

And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater false-
ness; 90

Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:

87. "*the necessary form of this*"; the form which this historic observation necessarily assumed.—C. H. H.

And that same word even now cries out on us:
 They say the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
 Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your
 grace

To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth 100
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have received
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.

*Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy,
 Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, a Servant or
 two with them.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me
 your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an

"Justice Shallow"; the character has, with much reason, been identified with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote (*cp. The Merry Wives of Windsor*); perhaps there is a reference to his arms in the words, "*If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at line.*"—I. G.

early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin 10
William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John 20
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Fal-

3. The "rood" is the cross or crucifix.—H. N. H.

26. "bona-robas"; "Buona-ropa, as we say, good stuff; a good, wholesome, plump-cheeked wench" (Florio).—H. N. H.

27. "Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk"; this is generally given as one of the points of evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, Sir John Oldcastle having actually been in his youth page to the Duke of Norfolk: but it would seem that the same is true of Sir John Fastolf.—I. G.

staff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers? 30

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that

32. "I see (Ff., 'saw') him break Skogan's head" (Q., *Skoggins*; F. 1, "*Scoggans*"); two Scogans must be carefully differentiated, though probably both are confused by Shakespeare in this passage:—(i.) Henry Scogan, the poet, Chaucer's Scogan, described by Ben Jonson in *The Fortunate Isles*, as

*"a fine gentleman, and master of arts
Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises
For the King's sons, and writ in ballad royal
Daintily well";*

(ii.) John Scogan, "an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, the favorite buffoon of the court of Edward IV." A book of *Scogins Jestes* was published in 1565 by Andrew Borde, and probably suggested the name to Shakespeare.—I. G.

There has been a doughty dispute between Ritson and Malone whether there were two Skogans, *Henry* and *John*, or only one. Holinshed, speaking of the distinguished persons of King Edward the Fourth's time, mentions "*Scogan*, a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respecte whereof he was called into the courte, where giving himself to his natural inclination of mirthe and pleasaunte pastime, he plaid many sporting parts, although not in suche uncivil manner as hath beene of hym reported." The name Skogan being thus associated in the popular mind with jesting, Shakespeare probably did not trouble himself much about adjustment of dates, and therefore gives no sign whether he meant *John* Skogan, the court-buffoon of Henry IV or *Henry* Skogan, the author of the above-mentioned jests.—H. N. H.

36. "*behind Gray's Inn*"; then a sequestered spot in the open fields.—C. H. H.

I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin. 40

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt 50 loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

53. "*twelve score*"; hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII, c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.—H. N. H.

"*carried you a forehand shaft*"; shot fourteen (score yards) . . . with a "forehand shaft." The exact character of this arrow is doubtful; but Ascham (*Toxoph.* p. 126) implies that it was one with which the archer shot "right afore him"; it was preferably made, according to Ascham, with a "big breast," in order "to bear the great weight of the bow." The utmost range of the sixteenth-century archers is supposed to have not exceeded 300 yards, or half a score more than "old Double."—C. H. H.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, 60
as I think.

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader. 70

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. 80
Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.

81. "*accommodated*"; it appears that it was fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt to define it. In *Every Man in his Humour*, Ben Jonson gives an example of the fantastic use of the word: "Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff. *Lend* us another bedstaff,—the woman does not understand the words of action."—H. N. H.

Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. 90

Shall. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I 100 think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit? 110

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see,

let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an 't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good 120 friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an 't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you 130 could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir 140 John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, in- 150 deed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir. 160

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Shal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir. 170

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's

151. "*but much of the father's substance*"; so Q.; Ff., "*not*"; the Variorum of 1821 proposed "*not much*"; the Quarto reading must be understood as ironical.—I. G.

154. "*shadows to fill up the muster-book*"; i. e. bogus names which the recruiting officer entered in his list and for which he drew pay; a common source of military revenue.—C. H. H.

tailor, he 'ad ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous 180 mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. 190
Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man. 200

Fal. What disease hast thou?

180. "magnanimous"; heroic.—C. H. H.

187. "the leader of so many thousands"; viz. in his ragged dress.—C. H. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act III. Sc. ii.

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which
I caught with ringing in the king's affairs
upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown;
we will have away thy cold; and I will take
such order that thy friends shall ring for
thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your num-
ber; you must have but four here, sir: and
so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I can- 210
not tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by
my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we
lay all night in the windmill in Saint
George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow,
no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane
Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me. 220

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she
could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the
heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth
she hold her own well?

207, 208. Shallow reckons six men in all; only five have appeared.
Probably one of Shakespeare's occasional oversights in numbers.—
C. H. H.

220. "never could away"; this phrase,—equivalent to cannot *endure*,
or cannot *abide*,—was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is
scarce obsolete even yet.—H. N. H.

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

230

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that which this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days 240 that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

250

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she

243. "*Harry ten shillings*"; there were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII or Henry VIII. He thought that those might do for any other Henry.—H. N. H.

has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; 260 an't be not, so; no man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well. 270

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself 280

266. "forty"; i. e. shillings.—C. H. H.

268. "three pound"; Bardolph was to have four pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.—H. N. H.

wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on ²⁹⁰ swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 300

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald

285. "*big assemblance*"; big look, semblance. This is the only attested usage of the word; and note "*a ragged appearance*" in line 288. But probably there is a suggestion of "*assemblage*," "*big aggregate*," "*large make*."—C. H. H.

291. "*gibbets on the brewer's bucket*"; Dr. Johnson explains this, from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery,—"*Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel*."—H. N. H.

shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there 310 was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you 320 well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must

305. "*shot*," for *shooter*. So in the *Exercise of Arms*, 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*."—"Well said" was used where we should say "*well done*."—H. N. H.

310. "*Dagonet in Arthur's show*"; Sir Dagonet is Arthur's fool in the story of *Tristram de Lyonesse*; "*Arthur's show*" was an exhibition of archery by a society of 58 members which styled itself "*The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthur and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table*," and took the names of the knights of the old romance. Mulcaster referred to it in his *Positions, concerning the training up of children* (1581). The meeting-place of the society was Mile-end Green.—I. G.

It is significant of the slight repute of Arthurian story—even after Spenser—among Elizabethan men of letters, that most of Shakespeare's allusions to it occur in connection with Falstaff.—C. H. H.

Shakespeare has admirably heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast in this parenthesis that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as King Arthur's fool.—*Quiver* is *nimble, active*.—H. N. H.

a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow. 330

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he 340 hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: a' was the very genius of 350

331. "at a word"; in one word.—C. H. H.

350. "invisible"; Rowe's emendation; Q. and Ff., "invincible"; i. e.

famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er 360 saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two 370

(?) "not to be evinced, not to be made out, indeterminable" (Schmidt).—I. G.

351, 352. "*yet . . . mandrake*"; 352-355, "*a' came . . . good-nights*"; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

356. "*fancies . . . good-nights*"; common titles of little poems.—C. H. H.

357. "*And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire*"; there is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the Old Vice or fool.—H. N. H.

359. "*sworn brother*"; in the language of chivalry a term for knights who swore to share all dangers (*fratres jurati*).—C. H. H.

362. "*burst*," *brast*, and *broken* were formerly synonymous.—H. N. H.

364. "*his own name*"; i. e. Gaunt's.—C. H. H.

370. "*philosopher's two stones*"; "one of which was an universal

stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*

medicine, the other a transmuter of base metals into gold"; so Warburton; Malone explains:—"I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone."—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such pow-
ers 10

As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers

11. "*hold sortance with*"; sort with, be in keeping with.—C. -- --
XVI—7

That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy; 20
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them
out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in
peace:

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord, 30

Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

25. "well-appointed"; completely accoutered.—H. N. H.

30. "What does your coming import?"—C. H. H.

34. "bloody; guarded"; Baret carefully distinguishes between

And countenanced by boys and beggary;
 I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
 In his true, native and most proper shape,
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection 40
 With your fair honors. You, lord Archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
 touch'd,
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 tutor'd,
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
 Out of the speech of peace that bears such
 grace,
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to
 blood, 50
 Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a point of war?
 'Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
 Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,

bloody, full of blood, *sanguineous*, and *bloody*, desirous of blood, *sanguinarius*. In this speech Shakespeare uses the word in both senses.—“*Guarded*” is a metaphor taken from dress; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings.—H. N. H.

45. “*investments*”; formerly all bishops wore white, even when they traveled. This *white investment* was the episcopal rochet.—H. N. H.

50. “*graves*”; Warburton proposed *glaires*, Steevens *greaves*; which latter Singer approves and remarks “that *greaves*, or leg-armour, is sometimes spelt *graves*.” Mr. Verplanck concurs in the same emendation.—H. N. H.

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician, 60
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there 71
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our
griefs,
We are denied access unto his person

55-79. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

60. "*I take not on me as*"; I do not assume the part of.—C. H. H.

71. "*our most quiet there*"; our perfect acquiescence in its course. The idea is that of smoothly running waters suddenly diverted by the inrush of a turbulent torrent.—C. H. H.

"*there*"; the reading of the Ff.; Hanmer conjectured "*sphere*"; Collier "*chair*."—I. G.

Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king? 89
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

82. "*examples of every minute's instance*"; are examples which every minute *instances* or supplies.—H. N. H.

93. That is, the *edge* of bitter strife and *commotion*; the sword of rebellion.—H. N. H.

Neither this line nor 95 is to be found in the Ff., and they are omitted in some copies of the Q. To some corruption of the text is due the obscurity of ll. 94–96, which Clarke paraphrases:—"The grievances of my brother general, the commonwealth, and the home cruelty to my born brother, cause me to make this quarrel my own." The archbishop's brother had been beheaded by the king's order.—I. G.

This most obscure passage seems quite incapable of a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps the best is that proposed by Monck Mason: "My brother-general makes the commonwealth his cause of quarrel; an household cruelty to one born my brother I make my quarrel in particular"; which, however unsatisfactory otherwise, has the merit of agreeing very well with what Worcester says in *The First Part*, Act i. sc. 3: "The archbishop,—who bears hard his brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop." Dr. Johnson would read, "My *quarrel* general," which is perhaps worth considering, as it makes a sort of antithesis between *general* and *particular*, where something of the kind seems intended. The meaning in that case would be,—The

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before, 100
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honors?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored 110
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd
father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honor, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,

commonwealth I make my *general*, an household cruelty my *particular*, cause of quarrel. Several other changes have been proposed, but they do not appear to relieve the obscurity. One can scarce doubt that a line must have been dropped out in the printing; but this of course is what no editor can supply. The second line of the speech is wanting in the folio; which somewhat abridges the obscurity indeed, but that is all it does.—H. N. H.

103-109. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
steel

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know
not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have
smiled?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and
love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the
king.

120. "*their armed staves in charge*"; that is, their lances fixed in the rest for the encounter.—H. N. H.

131. "*Earl*"; duke of Hereford.—H. N. H.

139. "*indeed*"; *Ff.*, "*and did*."—C. H. H.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general 141
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies, 151
Upon mine honor, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offense:
A rotten case abides no handling. 161

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

154. "of names"; of notable men.—C. H. H.

166. "intended in the general's name"; implied in the title of general which he bears.—C. H. H.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd, 170
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And neither end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords 181
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

173. "*true substantial form*"; i. e. "in due form and legal validity."
—I. G.

174, 175. "*Immediate execution of our wishes being confirmed to us and our demands.*" Q., Ff. read "*purposes confined.*" Unless we suppose a harsh break in construction, this makes the Archbishop lay down as one of the conditions that the execution of their wishes should be restricted. Johnson proposed "*consigned.*" But even so, the sentence is feebly expressed, and can only be saved from tautology by distinguishing between "*our wills*"=our wishes in general, and "*our purposes*"=our explicit demands. The whole scene is, for Shakespeare, languidly written.—C. H. H.

176. "*awful*"; of course the image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the state. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this. This sense of *awful* is peculiar to Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause, 190
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is
weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife 210

193. "*royal faiths*"; the faith due to a king. So in *King Henry VIII*: "The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds," that is, their minds well affected to the king.—H. N. H.

198. "*dainty and such picking grievances*"; such minute and capricious grounds of quarrel.—C. H. H.

That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
220
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your
lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our
armies.

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then,
set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we
come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death. 10
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?

8. "iron man"; Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, "coming forth amongst them clad in armour, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand."—H. N. H.

To us the speaker in his parliament;
 To us the imagined voice of God himself;
 The very opener and intelligencer 20
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonorable? You have ta'en up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father,
 And both against the peace of heaven and him
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

[*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster, 30
 I am not here against your father's peace;
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,
 The which hath been with scorn shoved from
 the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
 asleep

27. "*zeal*"; perhaps with a play on "*seal*."—C. H. H.

33. "*in common sense*"; i. e. through the agency of mere ordinary perception and understanding. York urges that his extraordinary action (in leading a revolt) springs from the normal instinct of self-defense.—C. H. H.

34. "*monstrous*"; unusual, extraordinary.—C. H. H.

38. "*this Hydra son of war*"; the revolt has started up at the scornful rejection of the complaints, as a new Hydra-head from the lopping off of the old.—C. H. H.

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured, 41
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
shallow, 50
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honor of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-
dress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please
you, 60
Discharge your powers unto their several coun-
ties,

As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,

47. "*success of mischief*"; a continuous succession of calamities.—
C. H. H.

60. In Holinshed this treacherous proposal is made by Westmore-
land.—C. H. H.

That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and
part: 70

I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what
pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow.'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true. [Shouts within.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:

Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mow-
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honorable? 110

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none:

I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine
honor,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. 121

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,

Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. .

[*Exeunt.*

120. "*stray*"; stragglers.—C. H. H.

122, 123. Johnson and other critics have been mighty indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of hot indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Mr. Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after hearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the

SCENE III

Another part of the forest.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

10

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am.
Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you?
If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy
lovers, and they weep for thy death: there-

court might safely be presumed to know." Perhaps the critics in question did not duly consider, that the surest way in such cases to keep down right feeling, is to take for granted that men don't know how to feel, and so go about to school and cudgel them up to it. Mr. Verplanck justly observes, that, when Mowbray asks,—“Is this proceeding just and honorable?” the Poet “took for granted that his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply in their own hearts, without hearing a sermon upon it from the deceived Archbishop, or a lecture from some bystander.”—H. N. H.

Sc. 3. “Colevile”; Sir John Colevile of the dale is mentioned by Holinshed as one of the rebels who were taken and executed. His name was pronounced “Colëvile.”—C. H. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act IV. Sc. iii.

fore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now: Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. *[Exit Westmoreland.]*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility;

25. "womb"; belly.—C. H. H.

39. "the very extremest inch of possibility"; the utmost possible speed.—C. H. H.

I have foundered nine score and odd posts: 40
 and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my
 pure and immaculate valor, taken Sir John
 Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight
 and valorous enemy. But what of that? he
 saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say,
 with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I
 came, saw, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your de-
 serving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield 50
 him: and I beseech your grace, let it be
 booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or,
 by the Lord, I will have it in a particular
 ballad else, with mine own picture on the top
 on 't, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which
 course if I be enforced, if you do not all
 show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in
 the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much
 as the full moon doth the cinders of the ele-
 ment, which show like pins' heads to her, 60
 believe not the word of the noble: therefore
 let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

40. "foundered"; disabled by over-riding.—C. H. H.

46. "hook-nosed fellow of Rome"; Q. adds "*there cosin*" before "*I came*," which Johnson took to be a corruption of "*there, Cæsar*."—I. G.

59. "*the cinders of the element*"; the "embers of the air"; i. e. stars.—C. H. H.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that
may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile? 70

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you
have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away,
gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates 80
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him
sure.

[Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my
lords:

I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go

87-89. Falstaff's rare use of verse is explained here by the seriousness of the request. Delius prints it as prose.—C. H. H.

Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report. 90

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exeunt all except Falstaff.]

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male

91. "*condition*" is often used by Shakespeare for *nature, disposition*. The prince may therefore mean, "I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve."—H. N. H.

96. "*cannot make him laugh*"; Falstaff's pride of wit—a pride which is most especially gratified in the fascination he has upon Prince Henry—is shrewdly manifested here, while at the same time a very important and operative principle of human character in general, and of Prince John's character in particular, is most hintingly touched. Falstaff sees that the brain of this sober-blooded boy has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; that be he never so witty in himself he cannot be the cause of any wit in him; and he is vexed and mortified that his wit fails upon him. And the Poet meant no doubt to have it understood that Prince Henry was drawn and held to Falstaff by virtue of something that raised him immeasurably above his brother; and that the frozen regularity, which was proof against all the batteries of wit and humor, was all of a piece, vitally, with the moral hardness which would not flinch from such an abominable act of perfidy as that towards the Archbishop and his party. Well, therefore, does Johnson remark upon the passage: "He who cannot be softened into gayety, cannot easily be melted into kindness." And we may add, that none are so hopeless as they that have no bowels.—H. N. H.

green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable ¹¹⁰ shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the

112. "*becomes excellent wit*"; concerning this first "property of your excellent sherris," some curious matter has been quoted by Hughson in his *History of London*, from an unpublished *Diary* of Ben Jonson preserved at Dulwich College. One memorandum runs thus: "I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack*, from my very good lord T—; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I and Envy are friends with Applause." Again, speaking of his *Catiline*, he thinks one of its scenes is flat, and therefore resolves to drink no more water with his wine. And he describes *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman* as the product of much and good wine, adding, withal, that *The Devil is an Ass* "was written when I and my boys drank bad wine." Doubtless Shakespeare and rare old Ben had discussed the virtues of sack in more senses than one in some of their wit-combats at the Mermaid; though which of them was the master, and which the pupil, in this deep science, cannot now be ascertained. Both their establishments, no doubt, were pretty good at converting wine into wit; but surely Shakespeare's must have been far the best, since all the benefit of Falstaff's full-grown and ripe experience had accrued to him.—H. N. H.

parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of 120 this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince 130 Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavor of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack. 140

Enter Bardolph.

128. "*hoard of gold kept by a devil*"; it was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, etc., were guarded by evil spirits.—H. N. H.

129, 130. "*commences it and sets it in act and use*"; Tyrwhitt saw in these words an allusion "to the Cambridge Commencement and the Oxford Act; for by those different names the two Universities have long distinguished the season at which each gives to her respective students a complete authority to use *those hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees."—I. G.

135. "*fertile*"; fertilizing.—C. H. H.

137. "*humane principle*"; rule of manliness.—C. H. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act IV. Sc. iv.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government. 10

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy
brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him,
Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace

By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious, if he be observed: 30

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observed:

35. "*as flaws congealed in the spring of day*"; according to Warburton the allusion is "to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapors being congealed in the air by the cold (which is most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called flaws"; Malone explained *flaws* to

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
 But, being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40
 Confound themselves with working. Learn
 this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas? 50

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them: therefore my grief,
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:

mean "small blades of ice which are stuck on the edges of the water in winter mornings."—I. G.

The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed*, unless the latter be taken for *congealing*, the passive for the active; an usage quite common with the Poet and other writers of his time.—H. N. H.

40. "*like a whale on ground*"; the image was perhaps suggested by a vivid account in Holinshed of the stranding of "a monstrous fish or whale" in Kent, in 1573-74 (ed. Stone, p. 156).—C. H. H.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do
shape,

In forms imaginary, the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon, 60
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counselors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the
language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word 70
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross
terms,

The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her
comb

In the dead carrion.

64. "*lavish*"; licentious.—C. H. H.

79, 80. As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.—H. N. H.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who's here? Westmoreland? 80

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's
hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular. 90

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they
fall

As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bar-
dolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight, 100
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

90. The detail contained in Prince John's letter.—H. N. H.

King. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. 111

Glou. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look
up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be
well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labor of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine 'it
in,
So thin that life looks through and will break
out. 120

Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe

119. "*mure*" for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries.—"*Wrought it thin*" is *made it thin by gradual wearing*. Daniel, also speaking of the sickness of Henry IV, in Book iii. stan. 116 of his *Civil Wars*, 1595, has the same figure:

"Wearing the wall so thin that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."—H. N. H.

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them
over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end. 130

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Another chamber

*The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester,
Warwick, and others in attendance.*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends;

122. "*loathly births of nature*"; i. e. unnatural births.—I. G.

123. "*as the year*"; that is, as if the year.—H. N. H.

125. "*the river hath thrice flow'd*"; Holinshed says that on October 12, 1411, three floods occurred without an ebb between, in the Thames, "which thing no man living could remember the like to be seen." But no portents are recorded to have preceded Edward III's death.—C. H. H.

The old editions mark no break here. Some modern editions suppose that the king is merely placed on a bed in the inner part of the stage, and add a stage direction to that effect. It is clear, however, from 2 iv. 5. 240 that what follows does not take place in the Jerusalem chamber, and, in consequence, that there is a change of scene.—C. H. H.

Unless some dull and favorable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?

How doth the king?

10

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. 20

[Exeunt all except the Prince.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

KING HENRY IV

Act IV. Sc. v.

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
 As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armor worn in heat of day, 30
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my
 father!

The sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol hath divorced
 So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: 40
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
 Which God shall guard: and put the world's
 whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honor from me: this from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

*Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence and
 the rest.*

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares
 your grace? 50

31. "scalds with safety"; burns while it protects.—C. H. H.

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clár. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out. 60

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit Warwick.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry; 70

For this they have engrossed and piled up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets,
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
 honey,
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father. 80

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determined me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
 With such a deep demeanor in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me,
 Harry. 90

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Warwick and the rest.]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
 thought:

75. "culling from every flower the virtuous sweets"; so in the folio: the quarto has simply "tolling from every flower." Tolling gives a fine image, if the clause end with *flower*; but the addition of "the virtuous sweets" seems to require another word. So that we may safely presume the change to have been made by the Poet himself.—H. N. H.

77. "thighs"; (two syllables). So "hour" in l. 109.—C. H. F

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few
hours

Were thine without offense; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life. 109

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity! 120

94. "*by thee*"; in thy opinion.—C. H. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act IV. Sc. v.

Down, royal state! all you sage counselors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbor confines, purge you of your
scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honor, might; 130
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech, 140
I had forstall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honor and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit

132. "*the wild dog*"; i. e. license, now unmuzzled.—C. H. H.

141. "*dear and deep*"; sharp and piercing.—C. H. H.

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in, 150
And found no course of breath within your
majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee de-
pending

Hath fed upon the body of my father; 160
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honor'd, most re-
nown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal
liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

163. "*preserving life in medicine potable*"; it was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.—H. N. H.

Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love, 180

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honor snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was pur-
chased, 200
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;

197. "*answered*"; met.—C. H. H.

So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
 could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
 green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my
 Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
 out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
Prince. My gracious liege, 221

205. "*And all my friends*"; Tyrwhitt's conjecture for "*thy friends*" of the Ff. and Q. Dyce "*my foes*." Clarke explains the original reading thus:—"By the first *thy friends* the King means those who are friendly inclined to the prince, and who, he goes on to say, must be made securely friends."—I. G.

210. "*I cut them off*"; Mason proposes to read, "*I cut some off*"; which seems indeed necessary. The sense would then be, "*Some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land.*"—H. N. H.

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period. 231

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter Warwick, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I 'll lie; 240
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

235. "'Tis called Jerusalem"; probably from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was hung; now used for the meetings of Convocation.—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, 10
Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.
Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot

1. "*By cock and pie*"; a trivial oath, originally containing a corruption of the names God and "pica" (the Catholic service-book); but in Shakespeare's time supposed to refer to the two birds.—C. H. H.

12. "*William cook*"; that is, William *the* cook; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service.—H. N. H.

be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. 30

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvelous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance Wil- 40

32, 33. "*A friend i' court is better than a penny in purse*"; *cp. The Romaunt of the Rose*, 5540:—

*"For frende in court ais better is
Than peny is in purse, certis";*

Camden gives the same proverbial expression.—I. G.

liam Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself when a knave is not. I 50
have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off 60
with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

41. "*Woncot*," a village in Gloucestershire, Woodmancote (still pron. Woncot); a family of Visor or Vizard has been associated with it since the sixteenth century, and a house on the adjoining Stinchcombe Hill (now as then locally known as "the Hill") was then occupied by the family of Perkes. (Cf. Madden, *The Diary of William Silence*, p. 86.)—C. H. H.

52. "*and if I cannot*," etc.; this is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act V. Sc. i.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [to the Page]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make 70 four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a 80 suit to Master Shallow, I would humor his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another:

80-85. This is a most shrewd and searching commentary on what has just passed between Shallow and Davy in Falstaff's presence. It is impossible to hit them more aptly, to take them off more felicitously. Of course Sir John could not be the greatest of make-sports, as he is, unless he were, or at least were capable of being something more. And in fact he has as much practical sagacity and penetration as the king, there being no other person in the play, except Prince Henry, that dives so quickly and deeply into the characters of those about him.—H. N. H.

therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. 100
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II

Westminster. The palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

92. "*four terms, or two actions*"; these *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. Of course during the law *terms*, many people went up from the country into the city to transact business, and learn the *fashions*, and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humor of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember.
—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act V. Sc. ii.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time, 11
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

14. "heavy"; mourning.—C. H. H.

16. "of him, the worst"; i. e. of the worst (whichever it be).—C. H. H.

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to
find, 30

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier: would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead, 40
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

38. "*A ragged and forestall'd remission*"; *forestall'd* has been variously interpreted; the simplest interpretation seems to be "anticipated, asked for before being granted," not necessarily by the Chief-Justice himself, but by his friends; the explanation fits in well with the dignified utterance of the speaker. Others explain, "a pardon that is sure not to be granted, the case having been prejudged"; "a pardon which is precluded from being absolute, by the refusal of the offender to accuse or alter his conduct," etc.—I. G.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you: 50
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this
easy? 71

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,

61. "by number"; i. e. tear for tear.—C. H. H.

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment; 80
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your per-
son;

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body. 90
Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours;

Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state

80. While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour*; but Shakespeare followed the Chronicles.—H. N. H.

What I have done that misbecame my place, 100
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this
well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honors may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:

'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son, 110

That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents 120
To your well-practised wise directions.

120, 121. This retaining of Gascoigne in office after the death of Henry IV has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the king. The main authority for this seems to have been Fuller, who in his *Worthies of Yorkshire* says that Sir William Gascoigne "died December 17th, in the fourteenth of king Henry the Fourth." And he adds,—"This date of his death is fairly written in his stately monument in Harwood church." It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first parliament of Henry V was "Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King." A royal warre

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now: 130
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament:
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to "our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract." And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV, who died March 20, 1413, and was re-appointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's noble lesson of magnanimity without any abatement or drawback on the score of history.—H. N. H.

123. The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.—H. N. H.

125. "*with his spirit sadly I survive*"; his serious spirit alone survives in me.—C. H. H.

128. "*rotten opinion*"; false reputation.—C. H. H.

— "*the state of floods*"; the majesty of the ocean.—C. H. H.

Our coronation done, we will accite, 141
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph,
and the Page.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in
an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of
my own graffing, with a dish of caraways,
and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then
to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwell-
ing and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beg-
gars all, Sir John: marry, good air.
Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, 10
Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is
your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good

2, 3. "*we will eat,*" etc.; this passage has been properly explained by the following quotations from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1599: "For the same purpose *careway seeds* are used to be made in comfits, and to be eaten with apples, and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind would be eaten with other things that breake wind."—H. N. H.

varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[*Singing*

And praise God for the merry year;

20

When flesh is cheap and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in 30 meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all.

[*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;

[*Singing.*

24. "*ever among*"; "*Ever among*," says Mr. Collier, "is an idiomatic expression used by Chaucer and many later writers." And he adds,—"No originals of this and other musical outbreaks of Silence have been discovered."—H. N. H.

30. "*Proface*"; as thus explained by old Heywood: "*Reader, reade this thus: for preface, proface, much good may it do you.*" It occurs also in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: "Before the second course, my lord cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface*."—H. N. H.

31. "*but you must bear; the heart's all*"; that is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better.—H. N. H.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a 40
man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and
once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.
[*To Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you
straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine,
sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine; 50
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the
sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Si-
lence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou want-
est any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy 60
heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to*
the Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll

58. "pledge you a mile to the bottom"; to the bottom if it were
a mile.—C. H. H.

drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the 70
knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who 's at door there, ho! who knocks?

[*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*]

Sil. Do me right, [Singing.
And dub me knight:

Samingo.

80

Is 't not so?

77. "*Do me right*"; "to do a man right" was formerly, according to Steevens, the usual expression in pledging healths.—I. G.

"*And dub me knight*"; it was a custom in Shakespeare's day to drink a bumper kneeling to the health of one's mistress. He who performed this exploit was *dubbed a knight* for the evening, *cp. A Yorkshire Tragedy*, "They call it knighting in London when they drink upon their knees" (Malone).—I. G.

A fragment of a drinking-song. As more fully quoted in Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, it ran:—

Monsieur Mingo
For quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight,
Domingo.

—C. H. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act V. Sc. iii.

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol? 90

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the
greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff
of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys 100
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man
of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

[*Singing.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled? 110

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or 120 die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

126. "*fig me*"; an expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *figus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace."—H. N. H.

129. "*Dead? As nail in door*"; an ancient proverbial expression; the door-nail was probably the nail on which the knocker struck. "It is therefore used as a comparison to anyone irrevocably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce."—I. G.

KING HENRY IV

Act V. Sc. iii.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! 140
Away, Bardolph! [*Exeunt Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they: 150
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

[*Exeunt.*]

143. "boot"; boots on!—C. H. H.

150. "*Where is the life that late I led*"; a scrap of an old song; cp. *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i.—I. G.

SCENE IV

London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of

"Enter Beadles"; in the quarto we have *"Enter Sincklo, and three or four officers."* And the name *Sincklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's speeches. *Sincklo* is also introduced in *The Taming of the Shrew*: he was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

18. *"you shall have a dozen of cushions";* evidently insinuating that the child of which Mistress Doll is so careful is but one of Mrs. Quickly's dozen cushions. So in *Greene's He Conycatcher*: "To wear a cushion under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child."—H. N. H.

KING HENRY IV

Act V. Sc. v.

cushions again; you have but eleven now.
Come, I charge you both with me; for the 20
man is dead that you and Pistol beat
amongst you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome 30
might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Aye, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

23. "*thin man in a censer*"; Doll humorously compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttish of rush-strewed chambers rendered censers or fire pans in which coarse perfumes were burned most necessary utensils.—H. N. H.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they
come from the coronation: dispatch, dis-
patch. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph,
and Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shal-
low; I will make the king do you grace: I
will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do
but mark the countenance that he will give
me. 10

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O,
if I had had time to have made new liveries,
I would have bestowed the thousand pound
I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this
poor show doth better: this doth infer the
zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so. 20

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not
to deliberate, not to remember, not to have
patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and
sweating with desire to see him; thinking of

19. "*to have made new liveries*"; i. e. to have them made.—C. H. H.
18, 20, 22. "*it doth so*"; Q. assigns these three speeches to Pistol,
Ff. the first to Shallow, the others to Pistol. Hammer was un-
doubtedly right in giving them all to Shallow.—C. H. H.

nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. 30

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand: 40
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alec-
to's snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

32. "*obsque hoc nihil est*"; "'tis all in every part"; the second and later Ff. correct *obsque* to *absque*, but the error may have been intentional on the author's part. Pistol uses a Latin expression "ever the same, for without this there is nothing," and then goes on to allude to an English proverbial expression, "All in all, and all in every part," which he seems to give as its free rendering.—I. G.

41. "*rouse up Revenge*," etc. Probably an allusion to the *Spanish Tragedy*, Act iv. end, where the Ghost's cry, "Awake Revenge" (or Alecto) is four times reiterated.—C. H. H.

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most
royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain 50
man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what
'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy
prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men. 61
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

54-79. Hall, Holinshed, and Stowe give much the same account of this matter. In Holinshed it runs thus: "Whereas aforetime he had made himselfe a companion unto misrulie mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence, (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred,) inhibiting them upon a great paine, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourne within ten miles of his court; calling to mind how once, to hie offence of the king his father, he had with his fists striken the cheefe justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the justice stoutlie commanded himselfe also into streict to ward, and he (then prince) obeyed."—The king's treatment of his old make-sport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes,—“If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.”—H. N. H.

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, 70
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and quali-
ties,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my
lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on.

[*Exeunt King, etc.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand 80
pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech
you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do
not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in
private to him: look you, he must seem thus
to the world: fear not your advancements;
I will be the man yet that shall make you
great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you 90
should give me your doublet, and stuff me
out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir

John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a color.

Shal. A color that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colors: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: 100 I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, and the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.]

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers

101. "soon at night"; this very night.—C. H. H.

107. "*si fortuna*," etc., so in Q. Pistol had quoted his motto before (2 il. 4. 201) in an equally incorrect but indifferent form according to the old texts; he is not intended to be either correct or consistent. His use of it in his present situation may be suggested by the tale of Hannibal Gonzaga (as pointed out by Farmer), "who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales called *Wits Fits and Fancies* :—

Si Fortuna me tormenta

Il Speranza me contenta."—C. H. H.

Shall all be very well provided for; 110
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the
king.

Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.* 120

113. "*I heard a bird so sing*"; a proverbial expression still extant.
—I. G.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine

EPILOGUE. Shakespeare's authorship of this epilogue has been doubted, and it has been described as "a manifest and poor imitation of the epilogue to *As You Like It*." It is noteworthy that it occurs already in the Q. (1600), though with one important difference; the words "*and so kneel down . . . queen*" (ll. 36, 37) are printed there at the end of the first paragraph, after "*infinitely*." It seems probable, therefore, that the epilogue originally ended there, and that the remaining lines were added somewhat later. One is strongly tempted to infer that the additions to the epilogue were called forth by the success of the first and second parts of the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, written evidently to vindicate the character of Falstaff's original, and put on the stage as a counter-attraction to *Henry IV*, hence the words, added in a spirit of playful defiance, "*for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man*" (l. 33). The first part of *Sir John Oldcastle* was performed for the first time about November 1, 1599, the second part, dealing with the Lollard's death, was evidently written by the end of the year. *The First Part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, appeared in two editions in 1600; Shakespeare's name had been impudently printed on the title-page of the former and less correct edition; the authors were Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Chettle. The "*Second Part*" is not known to exist.—I. G.

own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. 10

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. 20

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our 30

31, 32. "*our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine in France*"; Shakespeare changed his mind. "The public was not to be indulged in laughter for laughter's sake at the expense of his play. The tone of the entire play of *Henry V* would have been altered if Falstaff had been allowed to appear in it. . . . Agincourt is not the field for splendid mendacity. . . . There is no place for Falstaff any longer on earth; he must find refuge 'in Arthur's bosom.'" But the public would not absolve "our humble author of his promise, and they were to make merry again with their favorite

*round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter."*—I. G.

humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, 40 indeed, to pray for the queen.

41. "*pray for the queen*"; most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play bills.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

2

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- A', he; (Qq., "a"; Ff., "hee" or "he"); I. ii. 52.
- ABATED, "*reduced to lower temper*, or as the workmen call it, *let down* (Johnson); I. i. 117.
- ABIDE, undergo, meet the fortunes of; II. iii. 36.
- ABLE, active; I. i. 43.
- ABROACH; "set a," cause, ? set flowing; IV. ii. 14.
- ACCITE, summon; V. ii. 141.
- ACCITES, incites (Ff. 3, 4, "*ex-cites*"); II. ii. 69.
- ACCOMMODATED, supplied (satirized as an affected word); (Q., "*accommodate*"); III. ii. 75.
- ACHITOPHEL, Ahithopel, the counselor of Absalom, cursed by David (F. 2, "*Architophel*"); I. ii. 43.
- ACONITUM, aconite; IV. iv. 48.
- ADDRESS'D, prepared; IV. iv. 5.
- ADVISED, well aware; I. i. 172.
- AFFECT, love; IV. v. 145.
- AFFECTIONS, inclinations; IV. iv. 65.
- AFTER, according to; V. ii. 129.
- AGAINST, before, in anticipation of; IV. ii. 81.
- AGATE, a figure cut in an agate stone and worn in a ring or as a seal; a symbol of smallness (Johnson's emendation of Ff., "*agot*"); I. ii. 20.
- AGGRAVATE, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *moderate*; II. iv. 181.
- ALL, quite; IV. i. 156.
- ALLOW, approve; IV. ii. 54.
- AMURATH, the name of the Turkish Sultans; Amurath III died in 1596, leaving a son Amurath, who, on coming to the throne, invited his brothers to a feast, where he had them all strangled, in order to prevent any inconvenient disputes concerning the succession. This is probably the circumstance which is here referred to (the allusion helps to fix the date of the play); V. ii. 48.
- AN, if (Q., "*and*"; Ff., "*if*"); I. ii. 63.
- ANATOMIZE, lay open, show distinctly (F. 4, "*anatomize*"; Q., "*anothomize*"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Anathomize*"); Induct. 21.
- ANCIENT, ensign; II. iv. 76.
- ANGEL, with play upon angel, the gold coin, of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 195.
- ANON, ANON, SIB, the customary reply of the Drawers; II. iv. 316.
- ANTIQUITY, old age; I. ii. 219.
- APPERTINENT, belonging; I. ii. 203.
- APPLE-JOHNS, a particular

- of apple, which shriveled by keeping; II. iv. 2.
- APPREHENSIVE**, imaginative; IV. iii. 109.
- APPROVE**, prove; I. ii. 225.
- AFTER**, more ready; I. i. 69.
- ARGUMENT**, subject; V. ii. 23.
- ARMED**, with spurs (Q., "*armed*" Ff., "*able*"; Pope, "*agile*"; I. i. 44.
- ASSEMBLANCE**, aggregate, *tout ensemble* (Pope, "*semblance*"; Capell, "*assemblage*"; III. ii. 285.
- ASSURANCE**, surety; I. ii. 38.
- AT A WORD**, in a word, briefly; III. ii. 331.
- ATOMY**, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for "*anatomy*," skeleton (Ff., "*Anatomy*"; V. iv. 36.
- ATONEMENT**, reconciliation; IV. i. 221.
- ATTACH**, arrest; IV. ii. 109.
- ATTACHED**, seized; II. ii. 3.
- ATTEND**, await, waits for; I. i. 3.
- AWAY WITH**; "could a. w. me," i. e. could endure me; III. ii. 220.
- AWFUL**, inspiring awe; V. ii. 86.
- AWFUL BANKS**, bounds of respect, reverence (Warburton, "*lawful*"; IV. i. 176.
- BACK-SWORD MAN**, fencer at single-sticks; III. ii. 72.
- BALM**, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. v. 115.
- BAND**, bond (Ff., "*bond*"; I. ii. 39.
- BARBARY HEN**, a hen whose feathers are naturally ruffled; II. iv. 111.
- BARSON**, corruption of Barston, in Warwickshire; V. iii. 95.
- BARTHOLOMEW BOAR-PIG**, roast pig was one of the attractions of Bartholomew Fair; II. iv. 256.
- BASINGSTOKE**, in Hampshire, about fifty miles from London (Q., "*Billinggate*"; II. i. 191.
- BASKET HILT**, the hilt of a sword with a covering of narrow plates of steel in the shape of a basket, and serving as a protection to the hand; II. iv. 145.
- BASTARDLY**, ? dastardly; II. i. 58.
- BATE**, contention; II. iv. 280.
- BATE**, remit; Epil. 17.
- BATTLE**, army; IV. i. 154.
- BATTLE**, battalion; III. ii. 174.
- BOWL OUT**, bowl out from (Q., "*bal out*"; Capell "*bawl out from*"; II. ii. 29.
- BAYING**, driving to bay (a term of the chase); I. iii. 80.
- BEAR-HERD**, leader of a tame bear (F. 4, "*bear-herd*"; Q., "*Berod*"; Ff. 1, 2, "*Beare-heard*"; F. 3, "*Bear-heard*"; I. ii. 200.
- BEAR IN HAND**, flatter with false hopes, keep in expectation; I. ii. 44.
- BEAVERS**, movable fronts of helmets; IV. i. 120.
- BEEFS**, oxen, (?) cattle (Ff., "*beeues*"; III. ii. 368.
- BEFORE**, go before me; IV. i. 228.
- BEING YOU ARE**, since you are (Gould conjectured "*seeing*"; II. i. 208.
- BELIKE**, I suppose; II. ii. 12.
- BESEEK**, beseech; II. iv. 181.
- BESONIAN**, base fellow, beggar; V. iii. 120.
- BESTOW**, behave; II. ii. 194.
- BESTOWED**, spent; V. v. 14.
- BIG**, pregnant; Induct. 13.
- BIGGEN**, "nightcap"; properly, a

- coarse headband or cap worn by the Béguines, an order of Flemish nuns; IV. v. 27.
- BLEED, be bled; IV. i. 57.
- BLOODY, headstrong, intemperate; IV. i. 34.
- BLUBBERED, blubbing, weeping; II. iv. 437.
- BLUE-BOTTLE ROGUE; alluding to the blue uniforms of the beadles; V. iv. 25.
- BLUNT, dull-witted; Induct. 18.
- BONA-ROBAS, handsome wenches; III. ii. 26.
- BORNE WITH, laden with; II. iv. 407.
- BOUNCE, bang; III. ii. 314.
- BRAVE, defy; II. iv. 238.
- BRAWN, mass of flesh; I. i. 19.
- BREAK, am bankrupt; Epil. 14.
- BREATHE, let take breath, rest; I. i. 38.
- BRUITED, noised, rumored abroad; I. i. 114.
- BUCKLE, bow, bend (Bailey conjectured "*knuckle*"); I. i. 141.
- BUNG, sharper; II. iv. 142.
- BURST, broke, cracked; III. ii. 362.
- BUSSES, kisses; II. iv. 300.
- BUT, except; V. iii. 94.
- BY, on, consequent upon; IV. v. 87.
- BY COCK AND PIE, a slight oath commonly used; *cock*, a corruption of *God*; *pie* (= Latin *pica*) was the old name of the Ordinate; V. i. 1.
- BY GOD'S LIGGENS, an oath, probably of the same force as "bodikins" (omitted in Ff.); V. iii. 70.
- BY THE ROOD, by the holy cross, an asseveration; III. ii. 3.
- BY YEA AND NAY, without doubt, III. ii. 10.
- CALIVER, a very light musket; III. ii. 299.
- CALM, qualm; II. iv. 40.
- CAME, became; II. iii. 57.
- CANARIES, canary wine (F. 4, "*Canary*"); II. iv. 29.
- CANDLE-MINE, magazine of tal-low; II. iv. 326.
- CANKER'D, polluted; IV. v. 72.
- CANKERS, canker-worms; II. ii. 102.
- CANNIBALS, Hannibals; II. iv. 186.
- CAPABLE, susceptible; I. i. 172.
- CARAT, quality (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Char-ract*"; F. 4. "*Carract*"; Q., "*Karrat*"); IV. v. 162.
- CARAWAYS, a kind of confection made with cumin seeds, "cara-way seeds"; V. iii. 3.
- CARE, mind; I. ii. 148.
- CAST, calculated; I. i. 166.
- CAVALEROS, cavaliers (Q., "*cabileros*"; Ff., "*Cauileroes*"); V. iii. 63.
- CENSER; "*thin man in a censer*"; censers were used for burning perfumes in dwelling-houses; they were made of thin metal, and often had rudely hammered or embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid; V. iv. 23.
- CHANCE; "how c.," how comes it; IV. iv. 20.
- CHANNEL, gutter (Pope, "*ken-nel*"); II. i. 55.
- CHAPT, worn, wrinkled (Q., Ff., "*chopt*"); III. ii. 304.
- CHARGE; "in c.," i. e. "ready for the charge"; IV. i. 120.
- CHARGE, pledge; II. iv. 135.
- CHEATER; "a tame ch.," a low gamester; a cant term (Q., "*cheter*"; some eds. "*chetah*," a leopard); II. iv. 109.

- tion of *ever and anon*; V. iii. 24.
- EXCLAMATION, outcry against you; II. i. 92.
- EXION, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *action* (Ff. 3, 4, "*action*"). II. i. 33.
- EXTRAORDINARILY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *ordinarily*; II. iv. 26.
- FACE-ROYAL, used equivocally for (i) a royal face, and (ii) the figure stamped upon "a royal," a coin of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 27.
- FAITORS, evil-doers (Q., "*faters*"; Ff., "*Fates*") II. iv. 178.
- FAMILIARITY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *familiar* (Ff., "*familiar*"); II. i. 113.
- FANCIES AND GOOD-NIGHTS, the common title of little poems; III. ii. 356.
- FANTASY, imagination; V. ii. 13.
- FEAR, frighten; IV. iv. 121.
- FEAR, a fearful thing; I. i. 95.
- FEARFUL, full of fear; Induct. 12.
- FEARS, causes of fear; IV. v. 196.
- FENNELL, an inflammatory herb; II. iv. 275.
- FETCH OFF, make a prey of, fleece; III. ii. 335.
- FEW; "in f." in a few words, in short; I. i. 112.
- FIG, insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger; V. iii. 126.
- FILLIP, strike; I. ii. 270.
- FLAP-DRAGON, snap-dragon; II. v. 267.
- FLEET, the prison for debtors; V. v. 102.
- FLESH'D, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only" (Capell conjectured "*flush'd*"); I. i. 149.
- FOIN, make a thrust in fencing; II. i. 18.
- FOLLOW'D, followed up the advantage gained; I. i. 21.
- FOND, foolish; I. iii. 91.
- FONDLY, foolishly; IV. ii. 119.
- FOOLISH-COMPOUND'ED, composed of absurdity; I. ii. 8.
- FOR, in spite of; I. i. 93.
- FORCE PERFORCE, an emphatic form of *perforce*; (Theobald's emendation of Ff., "*forc'd, perforce*"); IV. i. 116.
- FOREHAND SHAFT; "an arrow particularly formed for shooting straight forward, concerning which Ascham says it should be big breasted" (Nares); (Collier MS., "*four-hand*"); III. ii. 54.
- FORGETIVE, inventive; IV. iii. 110.
- FORSWENT, utterly worn out (*for intensive*); I. i. 37.
- FORTUNE; "in the f." by the good fortune; I. i. 15.
- FOURTEEN AND A HALF, i. e. two hundred and ninety yards; the maximum distance reached by the archers of the time being three hundred yards; III. ii. 54.
- FOUTRE, an expression of contempt; (Q., "*foutre*"; Ff., "*footra*"); V. iii. 104.
- FRANK, sty; II. ii. 169.
- FRIGHT, affright, terrify; I. i. 67.
- FUBBED OFF, deluded with false promises; II. i. 38.
- FUSTIAN, nonsensical; II. iv. 209.
- FUSTILARIAN, a word of Falstaff's coinage (? connected with "*fusty*," or perhaps from "*fustis*," with reference to the cudgel of the bailiff; II. i. 69.
- GAINSAID, contradicted; I. i. 91.

KING HENRY IV

Glossary

- GALLED**, injured, annoyed; IV. i. 89.
- GALLOWAY NAGS**, a small and inferior breed of horses; common hackneys; II. iv. 210.
- 'GAN**, began; I. i. 139.
- GARLAND**, crown; V. ii. 84.
- GAULTREE**, the ancient forest of Galtres to the north of the City of York (Ff., "*Gualtree*"); IV. i. 2.
- GAVE OUT**, described; IV. i. 23.
- GERMAN HUNTING**; "hunting subjects were much in favor for the decoration of interiors, and the chase of the wild boar in Germany would naturally form a spirited scene" (Clarke); (Q., "*Iarman*"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Germane*"); II. i. 165.
- GIBBETS ON**, hangs on; alluding to the manner of carrying beer-barrels, by hanging them on a sling; III. ii. 291.
- GIDDY**, excitable, hot-brained; IV. v. 214.
- GIRD**, jeer, gibe; I. ii. 7.
- GOD'S LIGHT**, by God's light; an oath; (Ff., "*what*"); II. iv. 146.
- GOOD CASE**, good circumstances; II. i. 121.
- GOOD FAITH**, indeed (Ff., "*good-sooth*"); II. iv. 40.
- GRAFFING**, grafting; V. iii. 3.
- GRATE ON**, vex, be offensive; IV. i. 90.
- GREEN**, fresh; IV. v. 204.
- GRIEF**, (1) pain; (2) sorrow; I. i. 144.
- GROAT**, a coin of the value of four-pence; I. ii. 278.
- GROWS TO**, incorporates with; I. ii. 105.
- GUARDED WITH RAGS**, trimmed, ornamented with rags (Pope, "*goaded*"; Singer, "*rags*"; Q., Ff., "*rage*"); IV. i. 34.
- HALED**, dragged (Q., "*halde*"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Hall'd*"; F. 4, "*Ha'd*"; Pope, "*Hauld*"); V. v. 39.
- HALF-KIRTLES**, jackets, or the petticoats attached to them; V. iv. 27.
- HALLOING**, shouting (Q., Ff. 1, 2, "*hallowing*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*hollowing*"); I. ii. 224.
- HANDS**; "of my h., of my size; II. ii. 78.
- HANGS**, suspends; IV. i. 213.
- HAPLY**, mayhap, perhaps; I. i. 32.
- HARRY TEN SHILLINGS**; "four H. t. s. in French crowns"; there were no ten-shilling pieces till the reign of Henry VII; French crowns were worth somewhat less than five shillings each; III. ii. 243.
- HAUNCH**, hinder (i. e. latter) part; IV. iv. 92.
- HAUTBOY**, a wind-instrument (Q., "*hoboy*"; Ff., "*Hoe-boy*"); III. ii. 366.
- HAVE AT HIM**, I am ready; I. ii. 229.
- HEAD**; "make head," raise an army; I. i. 168.
- HEADLAND**, a strip of unplowed land at the end of the furrows; V. i. 16.
- HEART**, will, intention; V. iii. 31.
- HEAT**, pursuit; IV. iii. 27.
- HENCE**, henceforth; V. v. 59.
- HILDING**, base, menial (Ff., "*hiolding*"); I. i. 57.
- HINCKLEY**, a market town in Leicestershire (Q., "*Hunkly*"); V. i. 26.
- HIS**, its (F. 4, "*its*"); I. ii. 137

- HISTORY**, relate; IV. i. 203.
HOLD, fastness, fortress (Theobald's correction of Q. and Ff., "*Hole*"); Induct. 35.
HOLD SORTANCE, be in accordance; IV. i. 11.
HOLLAND, a kind of linen; with a quibble upon *Holland*; II. ii. 28.
HONEY-SEED, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicide*; II. i. 61.
HONEY-SUCKLE, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicidal*; II. i. 59.
HOOK ON, don't lose sight of her; keep close to her; II. i. 184.
HOW, what price; III. ii. 43.
HUMANE, human (omitted in Ff.); IV. iii. 137.
HUMOROUS, capricious; IV. iv. 34.
HUMORS OF BLOOD, caprices of disposition; II. iii. 30.
HUNT COUNTER, are on the wrong scent; I. ii. 108.
HURLY, hurly-burly, tumult; III. i. 25.
HUSBAND, husbandman (Ff. 3, 4, "*husbandman*"); V. iii. 13.
IMBRUE, draw blood; II. iv. 216.
IMMEDIATE, next in line; IV. v. 42.
IMP, youngling; V. v. 48.
IN, with; I. iii. 7.
INCERTAIN, uncertain (Ff. 1, 2, "*incertain*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*uncertain*"); I. iii. 24.
INCISION, draw blood; II. iv. 216.
INDIFFERENCY, moderate dimensions; IV. iii. 23.
INDITED, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *invited*; (Ff. 3, 4, "*invited*"); II. i. 30.
INFER, suggest; V. v. 16.
INFINITIVE, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *infinite*; II. i. 26.
INSET, set (Ff., "*set*"); I. ii. 20.
INSINUED, allied; IV. i. 172.
INSTANCE, proof; III. i. 103.
INTELLIGENCER, mediator; IV. ii. 20.
INTENDED, understood; IV. i. 166.
INTERVALLUMS, intervals; V. i. 93.
INTREASURED, stored; III. i. 85.
INVESTED, invested with authority; IV. iv. 6.
INVESTMENTS, vestments; IV. i. 45.
IRON MAN, armed man, clad in armor (Q., *man talking*"); IV. ii. 8.
IT=its; (Q., Ff. 1, 2, "*it*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*its*"); I. ii. 137.
IT IS, he is; used contemptuously; II. iv. 79.
JADE, a term of pity for a maltreated horse; I. i. 45.
JOINED-STOOLS, a kind of folding chairs; II. iv. 277.
JUGGLER, trickster, cheat; II. iv. 145.
JUVENAL, youth; I. ii. 23.
KEECH, "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump; hence a name given to a butcher's wife"; II. i. 106.
KICKSHAWS, trifles; V. i. 29.
KINDLY, natural; IV. v. 84.
KIRTLE, a jacket with a petticoat attached to it; II. iv. 306.
LARUM-BELL, alarm bell; III. i. 17.
LAW, justice; V. ii. 87.
LAY, stayed, resided; III. ii. 309.
LEATHER-COATS, a kind of apple, brown-russets; V. iii. 44.
LEER, simper, smile; V. v. 7.
LEMAN, sweetheart, lover; V. iii. 50.

- LETHE**, the river in the infernal regions whose waters caused forgetfulness (Q., "*lethy*"); V. ii. 72.
- LIE**, lodge; IV. ii. 97.
- LIEF**, willingly (Q., "*liue*"); I. ii. 50.
- LIGHTEN**, enlighten; II. i. 217.
- LIKE**, (?) look (Ff., "*look*"); III. ii. 96.
- LIKE**, likely; I. iii. 81.
- LIKING**, likening (Ff., "*lik'ning him*"); II. i. 102.
- LINED**, strengthened; I. iii. 27.
- LISTEN AFTER**, enquire for; I. i. 29.
- LIVERS**, formerly considered the seat of the passions; I. ii. 207.
- LOATHLY**, loathsome; IV. iv. 122.
- LOOK BEYOND**, misjudge; IV. iv. 67.
- LOOKED**, anticipated, expected; I. ii. 52.
- LUBBER'S-HEAD**, Libbard's-head, i. e. Leopard's-head, the sign of a house (Ff., "*Lubbars*"); II. i. 31.
- LUMBERT STREET**, Lombard Street; in early times frequented by the Lombardy merchants (Ff., "*Lombard*"); II. i. 31.
- LUSTY**, lively, merry; III. ii. 17.
- MALMSEY-NOSE**, red-nosed; II. i. 45.
- MALT-WORMS**, ale-topers; II. iv. 375.
- MANAGE**, handle; III. ii. 302.
- MANDRAKE**, "the plant *Aropa Mandragora*, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure, and to cause madness and even death, when torn from the ground"; I. ii. 17.
- MAN-QUELLER**, manslayer, murderer; II. i. 62.
- MANY**, multitude (Douce conjectured "*meyny*"); I. iii. 91.
- MARE**, nightmare; II. i. 87.
- MARKS**; a mark is of the value of thirteen shillings and fourpence; I. ii. 228.
- MARRY**, a corruption of *Mary*; a mild form of oath (Q., "*Mary*"; Ff., "*Why*"); II. ii. 46.
- MARTLEMAS**, Martinmas, the Feast of St. Martin, which marked the close of autumn; used figuratively = an old man; II. ii. 118.
- MATTER**; "no such m." it is nothing of the kind; Induct. 15.
- MECHANICAL**, vulgar, occupied in low drudgery; V. v. 40.
- MEDICINE POTABLE**, alluding to the *aurum potable* of the alchemists; IV. v. 163.
- MELTING**, softening, pitying (Q., "*meeting*"); IV. iv. 32.
- MESS**, "common term for a small portion of any thing belonging to the kitchen"; II. i. 108.
- MET**, obtained; IV. v. 186.
- METAL**, ardor, high courage (used in both senses, "*metal*" and "*mettle*"); (F. 4, "*metal*"; Q., "*mettal*"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Mettle*"); I. i. 116.
- METE**, judge of; IV. iv. 77.
- MILE-END GREEN**, the usual ground for military drill, and also for public sports; III. ii. 308.
- MISDOUBTS**, apprehensions; IV. i. 206.
- MISCARRIED**, perished; IV. i. 129.
- MISORDER'D**, disordered; IV. ii. 33.
- MISTOOK**, mistaken, misunderstood; IV. ii. 56.
- MODE**, form of things (Q. and Ff., "*mood*"); IV. v. 200.
- MODEL**, plans; I. iii. 42.

- MORE AND LESS, high and low; I. i. 209.
- MUCH! an exclamation of ironical admiration; II. iv. 147.
- MUCH ILL, very ill; IV. iv. 111.
- MUSE, wonder, am surprised; IV. i. 167.
- NEAF, fist; II. iv. 206.
- NEAR, in the confidence; V. i. 82.
- NEIGHBOR CONFINES, neighboring boundaries; IV. v. 124.
- NEW-DATED, recently dated; IV. i. 8.
- NICE, over-delicate, dainty; I. i. 145; trivial, petty; IV. i. 191.
- "NINE WORTHIES"; these were commonly enumerated as follows:—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon; II. iv. 245.
- NOBLES, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 175.
- NOISE, company of musicians; II. iv. 12.
- No OTHER, nothing else (Q., "*otherwise*"); V. ii. 62.
- NUT-HOOK, contemptuous term for a catchpole; V. iv. 9.
- OBEDIENCE, obeisance; IV. v. 147.
- OBSERVANCE, obeisance, homage; IV. iii. 16.
- OBSERVED, deferred to; IV. iv. 30.
- O'ER-POSTING, getting clear of; I. ii. 179.
- OFFER, menace; IV. i. 219.
- OFFICES, domestic offices, apartments (especially servants' quarters); I. iii. 47.
- OMIT, neglect; IV. iv. 27.
- ON, of; I. iii. 102.
- ONE, *i. e.* mark, score; pronounced "*own*" (Theobald conjectured "*Lone*"=*loan*; Collier MS., "*score*"); II. i. 36.
- OPPOSITE, adversary, opponent; I. iii. 55.
- ORCHARD, garden; V. iii. 1.
- OSTENTATION, outward show; II. ii. 58.
- OUCHES, ornaments; II. iv. 53.
- OUSEL, blackbird; (Q., "*woosel*"; Ff., "*Ouzel*"); III. ii. 9.
- OUT; "will not out," will not fail you; a sportsman's expression; V. iii. 72.
- OUTBREATHED, out of breath, exhausted; I. i. 108.
- OVERLIVE, outlive; IV. i. 15.
- OVER-RODE, caught him up, out-rode; I. i. 30.
- OVERSCUTCHED, (?) over-scothed, or, overwhipped; (Q., "*ouer-schucht*"; Grant White, "*over-switched*"); "*over-switched housewife*"=(according to Ray) a strumpet); III. ii. 354.
- OVERWEEN, think arrogantly; IV. i. 149.
- PANTLER, the servant who had charge of the pantry; II. iv. 265.
- PARCELS, small parts, particulars; IV. ii. 36.
- PARCEL-GILT, part-gilt, generally only the embossed portions; II. i. 98.
- PART, depart; IV. ii. 70.
- PART, "characteristic action"; IV. v. 64.
- PARTICULAR; "his particular," its details; IV. iv. 90.
- PASSING, surprisingly, exceedingly; IV. ii. 85.
- "PAULS"; "The body of old St. Paul's Church in London was a constant place of resort for

- business and amusement. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, and politics discussed" (Nares); I. ii. 62.
- PAWN'D, pledged; IV. ii. 112.
- PEASANT, rural, provincial (Collier MS., "*pleasant*"); Induct. 33.
- PEASCOD-TIME, the time when peas are in pod; II. iv. 429.
- PERSISTENCY, persistency in evil; II. ii. 54.
- PERUSE, survey, examine; IV. ii. 94.
- PICKING, petty; IV. i. 198.
- "PIE-CORNER," near Giltspur Street; the Great Fire ended at this corner; II. i. 29.
- PLEASE IT, if it please; I. i. 5.
- POINT, a signal given by the blast of a trumpet (Collier MS., "*report*"; Singer, "*a bruit*"); IV. i. 52.
- POINT, a tagged lace, used to tie parts of the dress; I. i. 53.
- POINTS, mark of commission; perhaps the same as the shoulder-knots worn by soldiers and livery servants; II. iv. 147.
- PORTS, portals; IV. v. 24.
- POSTS, post-horses; IV. iii. 40.
- POTTEL-POT, a tankard holding two quarts; II. ii. 90.
- POWER, armed force; I. iii. 29.
- PRECEPTS, summonses; V. i. 14.
- PRECISELY, exactly; IV. i. 205.
- PREGNANCY, ready wit; I. ii. 201.
- PRESENT, immediate; IV. iii. 81.
- PRESENTED, represented; V. ii. 79.
- PRICK, mark, put him on the list; III. ii. 130.
- PRICKED DOWN, marked; II. iv. 372.
- PROFACE, "an Anglicized form of the Italian *prò vi faccia*; "much good may it do you"; V. iii. 30.
- PROJECT, expectation; I. iii. 29.
- PROOF; "come to any proof," show themselves worth anything when it comes to the test; IV. iii. 99.
- PROPER, handsome; II. ii. 77.
- PROPER, appropriate; I. iii. 32.
- PROPER, own; V. ii. 109.
- PROPOSAL, suppose; V. ii. 92.
- PULSIDGE, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *pulse*; II. iv. 26.
- PUNISH BY THE HEELS, the technical term for committing to prison; I. ii. 147.
- PURCHASED, "used probably in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act*, as opposed to an acquisition by descent" (Malone); IV. v. 200.
- PUSH, thrust; II. ii. 44.
- QUANTITIES, small pieces; V. i. 70.
- QUEAN, contemptible wench, hussey; II. i. 54.
- QUEASINESS, sickly feeling, nausea; I. i. 196.
- QUESTION; "in q.," under judicial trial; I. ii. 72.
- QUIT, safe, free; III. ii. 263.
- QUITTANCE, requital, return of blows; I. i. 108.
- QUIVER, nimble; III. ii. 311.
- QUOIF, cap or hood; "sickly q.," cap which is the badge of sickness; I. i. 147.
- QUOTT, throw, pitch (Q., "*Quaite*"); II. iv. 212.
- RAGGED'ST, roughest (Theobald conjectured, "*rugged'st*"); I. i. 151.
- RALPH (Q., "*Rafe*"; Fl. 1, 2, "*Raphe*"); III. ii. 115.
- RAMPALLIAN, an abusive epithet (*cp.* "*rapscallion*"); II. i. 68.

- RAPIER**, a small sword used in thrusting; II. iv. 221.
- RASCALS**; originally lean deer not fit to hunt or kill; II. iv. 45.
- RASH**, quickly ignited; IV. iv. 48.
- RATED**, chided; III. i. 68.
- RECORDATION TO**, memory of; II. iii. 61.
- RED LATTICE**, an ale-house window, commonly red; II. ii. 92.
- RED WHEAT**, late wheat, spring wheat; V. i. 17.
- REMEMBER'D**, mentioned; V. ii. 142.
- REMEMBRANCE**, memory; II. iii. 59; admonition; V. ii. 115.
- RENDER'D**, reported, told; I. i. 27.
- RESOLVED CORRECTION**, the chastisement determined upon; IV. i. 213.
- RESPECT**, regard, consideration; I. i. 184.
- RHEUMATIC**, probably a blunder for *splenetic*; II. iv. 62.
- RIDES THE WILD-MARE**, plays at see-saw; II. iv. 276.
- RIGOL**, circling; IV. v. 36.
- RIPE**, mature; IV. i. 13.
- RISING**, insurrection; I. i. 204.
- ROUNDLY**, without much ceremony; III. ii. 20.
- ROUTS**, gangs; IV. i. 33.
- ROWEL-HEAD**, the axis on which the wheel-shaped points of a spur turns; I. i. 46.
- ROYAL FAITHS**, faith to the king (Hanmer conjectured, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 193.
- SACK**; generic term for Spanish wines; I. ii. 222.
- SAD**, sober, serious; V. i. 95.
- SADLY**, soberly; V. ii. 125.
- SAMINGO**, probably a blunder for *San Domingo*, the patron saint of toppers; a common burden of drinking-songs; V. iii. 80.
- SAVING YOUR MANHOODS**, saving your reverence; II. i. 29.
- SCAB**, a term of contempt and disgust; III. ii. 306.
- SCATTERED STRAY**, stragglers; IV. ii. 120.
- SEAL'D UP**, fully confirmed; IV. v. 104.
- SECT**, sex; II. iv. 41.
- SEMBLABLE**, similar; V. i. 73.
- SET OFF**, (?) = cast out, ignored, or = rendered account for (Clarke); (perhaps the phrase is intentionally vague); IV. i. 145.
- SET ON**, begin to march; I. iii. 109.
- SEVEN STARS**, the Pleiades; II. iv. 207.
- SHADOWS**; "s. to fill up the musterbook," i. e. "we have in the musterbook many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men" (Johnson); III. ii. 154.
- SHALL**, will; I. ii. 26.
- SHERRIS-SACK**, sherry; a Spanish wine, so called from the town of Xeres; IV. iii. 105.
- SHOT**, marksman; III. ii. 305.
- SHOVE-GROAT**; "s. shilling," alluding to a game which consisted in pushing pieces of money on a board to reach certain marks; II. iv. 212.
- SHREWD**, mischievous; II. iv. 234.
- SHROVE-TIDE**, a time of special merriment, as the close of the carnival season; V. iii. 38.
- SIGHTS**, eye-holes; IV. i. 121.
- SIGN OF THE LEG**, the sign over a boot-maker's shop; II. iv. 279.
- SILKMAN**, silk mercer; II. i. 32.
- SINGLE**, simple, silly (used quibblingly); I. ii. 217.

- SLOPS**, loose breeches; I. ii. 36.
- SMACK**, taste, savor; I. ii. 116.
- SMOOTH-PATES**, sleek-headed; "a synonym for the later and more historical name *roundheads*" (Q., "*smoother-pates*"); I. ii. 45.
- SNEAP**, snubbing, rebuke; II. i. 141.
- So**, so be it; III. ii. 260.
- SOFT**; "s. silencing," gently reproving; V. ii. 97.
- SOMETHING A**, a somewhat (Collier MS., "*something of*"); I. ii. 223.
- SOON**; "soon at night," this very night; V. v. 101.
- SORT**, manner; IV. v. 201.
- SOUTH**, south wind; II. iv. 406.
- SPIRITS**, monosyllabic (as often); I. i. 198.
- SPOKE ON**, spoken of (Ff., "*spoken of*"); II. ii. 74.
- STAND**; "s. my good lord," be my kind master, patron; IV. iii. 89.
- STAND UPON**, insist upon; I. ii. 44.
- STATE**, regal character; V. ii. 99.
- STATE OF FLOODS**; "the majestic dignity of the ocean" (Malone); (Hammer, "*floods of state*"); V. ii. 132.
- STICK**, hesitate; I. ii. 27.
- STIFF-BORNE**, obstinately pursued; I. i. 177.
- STILL**, continually; Induct. 4.
- STILL-DISCORDANT**, ever-discordant; Induct. 19.
- STILL-STAND**, standstill; II. iii. 64.
- STOMACH**, appetite; IV. iv. 105.
- STOPS**, the holes in a wind instrument by the opening or closing of which by the fingers the sounds are produced; Induct. 17.
- STRAINED**, excessive; I. i. 161.
- STRANGE-ACHIEVED**, (?) strangely acquired (by wrong means); according to some, "gained in foreign lands"; (Schmidt, "gained and not yet enjoyed"); IV. v. 72.
- STRATAGEM**, "anything amazing and appalling"; I. i. 8.
- STRENGTHS**, armies, forces; I. iii. 76.
- STROND**, strand; I. i. 62.
- STUDIED**, inclined; II. ii. 10.
- SUCCESS**, succession, continuation; IV. ii. 47.
- SUCCESSIVELY**, by right of succession; IV. v. 202.
- SUFFERANCE**, suffering; V. iv. 31.
- SUGGESTION**, temptation; IV. iv. 45.
- SUPPLIES**, additional forces, reserves; IV. ii. 45.
- SURECARD**; "surecard was used as a term for a *boon-companion* as lately as the latter end of the last century" (Malone); (Qq., "*Soccord*"); III. ii. 100.
- SUSPIRE**, breathe; IV. v. 33.
- SWAGGERERS**, bullies, blusterers; II. iv. 85.
- SWAY ON**, move on (Collier "*Let's away*"); IV. i. 24.
- SWINGE-BUCKLERS**, roisterers; III. ii. 24.
- SWINGED**, whipped; V. iv. 24.
- TABLES**, table-books, memorandum books; II. iv. 298.
- TAKEN UP**, taken up, levied (Q., "*tane*"; Ff., "*taken*"); IV. ii. 26.
- TAKE THE HEAT**, get the start of him; II. iv. 335.
- TAKE SUCH ORDER**, give such orders; III. ii. 206.
- TAKE UP**, encounter; I. iii. 73.
- TAKING UP**, obtaining on trust; I. ii. 48.
- TALL**, used ironically; V. i. 65.

- TALL, sturdy; III. ii. 69.
 TAP FOR TAP, tit for tat; II. i. 215.
 TEMPERING, becoming soft like wax; IV. iii. 145.
 TEMPERALITY, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *temper*; II. iv. 25.
 TENDS, contributes (Ff., "*tends*"; Q., "*intends*"); I. ii. 10.
 TESTER, sixpence; III. ii. 306.
 TEWKSBURY MUSTARD, mustard made in Tewksbury; II. iv. 269.
 THAT THAT, that which; IV. iv. 82.
 THAT, so that; I. i. 197.
 THEME, business; I. iii. 92.
 THEWES, muscles and sinews; III. ii. 285.
 THICK, fast; II. iii. 94.
 THIN MAN IN A CENSER, evidently meaning that the officer wore some kind of cap which is here likened to a censer; V. iv. 23.
 THREE-MAN BEETLE, "a heavy rammer with three handles used in driving piles, requiring three men to wield it"; I. ii. 270.
 TILLY-FALLY, an exclamation of contempt; II. iv. 92.
 TIRBITS, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for (?) *terrors*; II. iv. 225.
 To, compared to; IV. iii. 57.
 To, for; III. ii. 186.
 TOLLING, ringing for (Q., "*tolling*"; Ff., "*knolling*"); I. i. 103.
 TOWARD, in preparation; II. iv. 220.
 TOYS, trifles; II. iv. 189.
 TRADE, activity, intercourse with; I. i. 174.
 TRAVERSE, march; III. ii. 301.
 TRIMM'D, trimmed up, furnished with (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*trimm'd up*"; Vaughan, "*Cramm'd*"); I. iii. 94.
 TRIP, defeat; V. ii. 87.
 TURK, "the Turk," the Grand Turk—the Sultan; III. ii. 343.
 TURNBULL STREET, a corruption of Turnmill Street, near Clerkenwell; the resort of bullies, rogues, etc. (Ff., "*Turnball*"); III. ii. 341.
 TWELVE SCORE, twelve score yards; III. ii. 52.
 UNEASY, uncomfortable; III. i. 10.
 UNFIRM, weak; I. iii. 73.
 UNSEASON'D, unseasonable; III. i. 105.
 UP-SWARM'D, raised in swarms; IV. ii. 30.
 UTIS, "old utis," great fun (utis, *cp. huit*; originally applied to the eighth day of a festival); II. iv. 21.
 VAIL HIS STOMACH, lower his haughty pride; I. i. 129.
 VALUATION; "our v.," the estimation of us; IV. i. 189.
 VARLET, knave, rascal; V. iii. 14.
 VAWARD, vanguard (Theobald conjectured "*rearguard*" or "*waneward*"; I. ii. 209.
 VENT, small hole made for passage; Induct. 2.
 VENTURE, let us venture; I. i. 185.
 VESSEL; "the united v. of their blood," the vessel of their united blood; IV. iv. 44.
 VICE, grip, grasp, (Q., "*view*"); II. i. 24.
 VICE'S DAGGER, the wooden dagger carried by the *Vice* of the old Morality plays; III. ii. 357.
 WANTON, luxurious, effeminate; I. i. 148.
 WARDER, staff of command; IV. i. 125.
 WASSAIL CANDLE, a large candle lighted up at a feast; I. ii. 187.

KING HENRY IV

Glossary

WATCH-CASE, sentry-box; III. i. 17.

WATER-WORK, water colors; II. i. 166.

WELL CONCEITED, clevered, retorted; V. i. 38.

WELL ENCOUNTER'D, well met; IV. ii. 1.

WHAT, an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 2.

WHAT, who; I. i. 2.

WHAT THE GOOD-YEAR, supposed to be a corruption from *goujère*, i. e. the French disease; a mild oath; II. iv. 64.

WHEESON, Whitsun; (Ff., "*Whitson*"); II. i. 100.

WHIPPING-CHEER, whipping fare; V. iv. 6.

WHO, which; V. ii. 128.

WINKING, closing his eyes; I. iii. 33.

WITH, by; I. i. 204.

WITHAL, with; IV. ii. 95.

WITHIN A KEN, in sight; IV. i. 151.

"WITNESS'D USURPATION"—"witnesses, or traces, of its usurpation"; I. i. 63.

WOE-BEGONE, overwhelmed with grief; (Bentley conjectured "*Ucalagon*"); I. i. 71.

WOMAN-QUELLER, woman-killer; II. i. 62.

WONCOT, Wilnecote, a village near Stratford (Collier MS., "*Wilnecot*"); V. i. 41.

WO'T, wouldst; "Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta?" (Q., "*thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta*"; Ff., "*Thou wilt not? thou wilt not?*"); II. i. 66, 67.

WROUGHT THE MURE, worn away the wall; IV. iv. 119.

YEA-FORSOOTH KNAVE; "one saying *yea* and *forsooth*; alluding to the mild quality of citizen oaths"; I. ii. 43.

YEOMAN, a kind of under-bailiff, sheriff's officer; II. i. 4.

YET, still; I. i. 82.

ZEAL; "z. of God," i. e. "devotion to God's cause" (Capell conjectured "*seal*"); IV. ii. 27.

STUDY QUESTIONS

II

By EMMA D. SANFORD

GENERAL

1. When was Part Two first published? Was this first edition a Quarto or a Folio?
2. Does the variety of Part Two make up for the solidity of Part One? Give reasons for opinion.
3. Characterize Part Two in comparison with Part One. Which part is significant of military conflict and which of political warfare?
4. Whom do you consider to be the hero of this play—King Henry or Prince Henry? Why?

ACT I

5. What author gave Shakespeare the idea for the personified character of Rumor? What is the dramatic value of such an introduction?
6. How does Northumberland discern, from Morton's behavior, that his son is dead? What effect does the news have upon his illness?
7. By what appeal does the Archbishop of York arouse the rebels to fight?
8. How do Falstaff's words (scene ii), "I am the cause that wit is in other men," reveal his dramatic value to the play?
9. What is the significance of "Paul's" and "Smithfield" (scene ii)?
10. Is Falstaff's impudence (scene ii) to the Lord Chief Justice merely a cloak to cover up his guilt, or a vehicle for his wit?

KING HENRY IV

Study Questions

11. What metaphor does Bardolph employ to determine whether or not the rebels have sufficient strength to engage in battle?

12. How does the Archbishop convey the fact of the fickleness of the rebels?

ACT II

13. Judging from Mrs. Quickly's behavior, was she fond of Falstaff or not? How does he make use of his military office upon her charge against him?

14. Why does Prince Henry refrain from tears and seek gay company during his father's illness? Wherein does Falstaff's levity become of service to the Prince, at this time?

15. What is the gist of Falstaff's letter to the Prince?

16. How does the scene (iii) with his wife and daughter help to reveal Northumberland's sense of honor?

17. Relate an incident to show that Prince Henry insulted Falstaff (scene iv).

18. What is Shakespeare's motive in introducing the characters, Doll and Poins?

19. What influence does the extravagant vulgarity of scene iv have upon Prince Henry and his friendship with Falstaff?

20. What announcement occurs to break up the revel at the tavern?

ACT III

21. What is the King's mood at the opening of Act III? Does his soliloquy express regret for his past life?

22. What expedition is the King very desirous of taking and why?

23. Characterize and compare Shallow and Silence.

24. Does Shakespeare invent the selection of soldiers by Falstaff as one more opportunity for the latter to display his entertaining wit?

Study Questions

THE SECOND PART OF

25. Comment on Falstaff's young life as deduced from his reunion with Shallow.

26. How does Falstaff intend to make use of his meeting with Shallow?

ACT IV

27. Where does Act IV open?

28. What words spoken by the Archbishop convey his opinion of Northumberland's inability to lend aid?

29. What news is received immediately after the message from Northumberland?

30. What is Westmoreland's manner when presenting the overture from the King to the rebels?

31. Explain the Archbishop's words, "the summary of all our griefs Which long ere this we offer'd to the king, And might by no suit gain our audience"?

32. What is the individual reception of Northumberland by Mowbray and the Archbishop?

33. What is the meaning of "his foes are so enrooted with his friends" (scene i)? How do they help to foretell the result of the peace conference?

34. How does Prince John's greeting to the rebels (scene ii) resemble that of Westmoreland in the previous scene?

35. Does Prince John intend to deceive the Archbishop by flattery?

36. What is the result of the peace conference?

37. How does Prince John justify his arrest of the rebels after his friendly overtures?

38. To whom does Falstaff refer when he says "the hook-nosed fellow of Rome" (scene iii)?

39. What is meant (in this scene) by celebrating anything in a "ballad"?

40. What is Falstaff's defence of much wine-drinking?

41. Where does scene iv open? What two sons of the King are here first given prominence?

42. What characteristics of Prince Henry are brought to his brother Thomas's attention by their father?

KING HENRY IV

Study Questions

43. What excuse does Warwick give the King for Henry's association with low companions?

44. How does the King receive the news of the victory?

45. What act of Prince Henry's (scene v) arouses his father's suspicion of his filial respect and loyalty?

46. How does Prince Henry absolve himself of his father's accusation?

47. What farewell advice does the King give to Prince Henry?

48. Where does the King die? What is the significance, if any?

ACT V

49. Compare Shallow's words, "I will use him [Falstaff] well," with Falstaff's last words in Act III, scene ii.

50. What is the general opinion of the Court as to the future of the kingdom under Henry V?

51. What is the ancient grudge here (scene ii) revived by the Lord Chief Justice, and where has there been previous mention of it in this play?

52. In scene iii what forms of merriment does Silence indulge in?

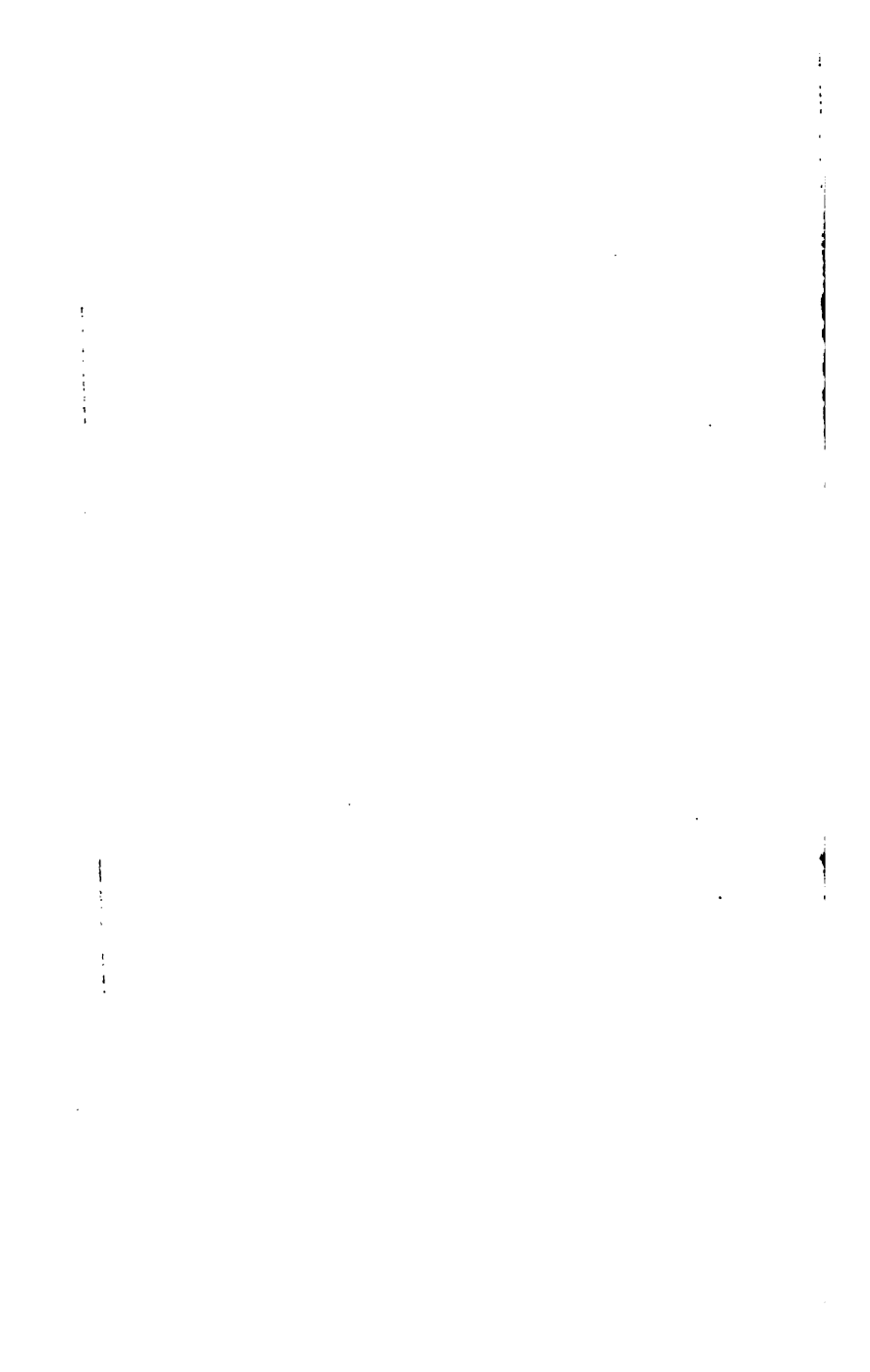
53. What news does Pistol bring to Falstaff?

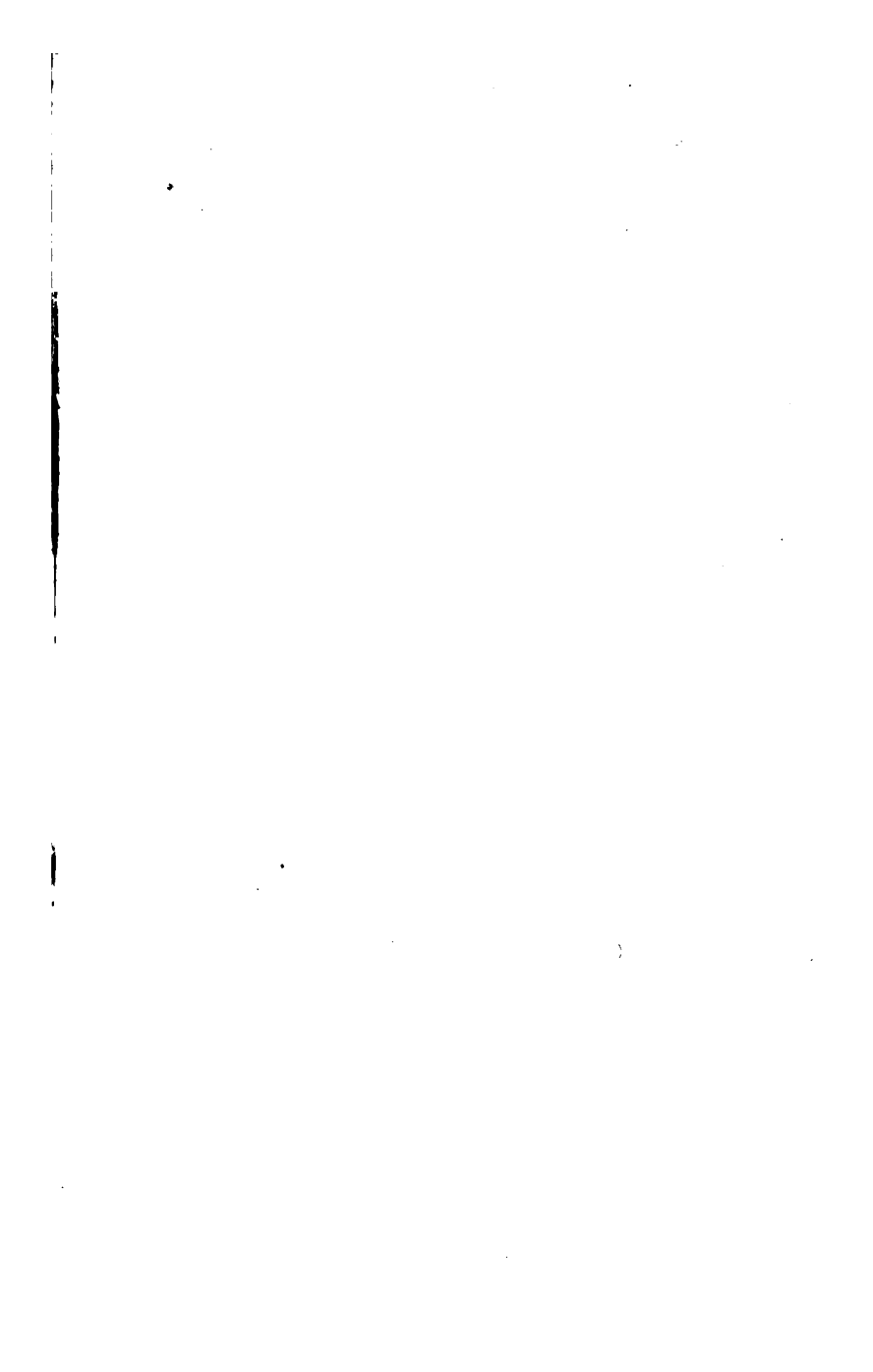
54. What is the dramatic value of scene iv?

55. What treatment does Falstaff receive at the hands of Henry V? Is the King's virtue genuine or assumed?

56. What delusion does Falstaff cherish after the King's dismissal of him?

57. What lines in the Epilogue prepare the reader for Shakespeare's play, *Henry V*?





1 plate.

Joseph

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